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DRUMMER

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ISSUE 27

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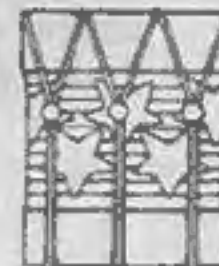
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DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

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DRUMMER

AMERICAN REVIEW OF GAY POPULAR CULTURE

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MALECALL/Dear Sir:

CALLING ALL COCKSUCKERS!

I would appreciate correspondence on orgies, usages, anecdotes, and information concerning newer or unusual epithets or nicknames for any ethnic, national-origin, social, racial, or religious group in North America for my preparation of a scholarly encyclopedia article on ethnic slurs and epithets. Reply, Professor Irving Allen, Department of Sociology, University of Connecticut, Storrs, Connecticut 06268.

DRUMMER, as the magazine of gay popular culture, figures you guys ought to write to the good professor and let him know some of the slurs you've had yelled at you out of passing car windows — to say nothing about all the goodies you can collect off toilet walls. — Ed.

BONDAGE IS BEAUTIFUL

I have just received my subscription copy of Drummer No. 24 and I must congratulate you on, what to me, was one of the most exciting articles I have read. I refer to your interview: "Bondage: An Ultimate Reality."

As you will see from my address I live in Hong Kong and so I am very out of contact with the Bondage scene. I find that so far my rather limited experiences of Bondage excite me very much and I do want to move more deeply into this. In this respect I would ask for your help and advice.

The subject person of your interview sounds to me very much the person that I need to meet to lead me further into Bondage. I will be in the States in February and may be able to arrange my schedule to take in New York and 36 hours of experience. Is it at all possible for you to put me in contact with him. If there was such a person in San Francisco, with the same obvious responsibility and understanding that came through in your interview, that would be even better from the point of view of my schedule. Your advice here would be invaluable. Bondage is very much my scene and to a much less extent S/M. So the type of session and experience you described is very much what I am looking for.

I fully appreciate that you personally must be very busy and probably as a rule do not get involved in personal correspondence and certainly not in counseling and introductions. I do hope that in this case you can help me with a reply. Being so far away I simply do not know how better to make the contact I want and need as normal contact clubs are not very effective from such a distance.

R.L.
Hong Kong

Does that Bondage Master you "interviewed" in issue 24 really exist or did you make him up? If by some miracle he does exist, please donate the money for the attached ad to Drummer's favorite charity and forward the ad directly to him.

If he doesn't really exist and is only a composite of Bondage Masters you have known or would like to have known, you might as well print the ad and maybe somebody else with his head, his equipment and technique will come along.

Whatever you do, it was a great story, the best thing I've ever seen in Drummer.

Damn, I wish he really existed!

WILL THE BONDAGE MASTER INTERVIEWED BY JACK FRITSCHER IN DRUMMER 24 PLEASE CONTACT W/M, 35, 5'7", 130. THINK I MEET QUALIFICATIONS. HAVE DECENT BODY, GOOD HEAD, AM WILLING TO BE SENSUAL, AM VULNERABLE AND WANT TO TRY SOMETHING NEW.

Bob
Box 799, Downstairs
166 West 21 Street
New York, NY 10011

I just read issue No. 24 of Drummer and your article on Bondage was a real turn on. The bondage master you wrote about is exactly what I need, especially since he is in New York and I am in New Jersey. I could easily arrange to spend the proper amount of time with him. Could you possibly either:

(1) give me information on how to contact him, or (2) give him my name and address so that he could contact me?

I am not asking you to recommend me, just help me get in touch with him. I am over 21 years of age and I am not part of any censorship organization. I sincerely desire this bondage training. Please try to help me. Thank you sir for any help you can give.

Jim
N.J.

LET'S HEAR IT FROM PLAYGIRL COUNTRY

I picked up in my favorite gay magazine stand, what appeared to be a very attractive gay magazine... Drummer.

Upon starting to read it I was shocked to see the sub-human level that some segments of gay society have sunk. How anyone could enjoy pain, degradation and such nonsense is appalling when sex is such beautiful fun.

If any SOB ever tired to inflict such perversions on me I would either kill the bastard or have him arrested and put in jail. No wonder the Anita Bryants of the world are so turned off by the gay movement. I'd be ashamed to admit that I was gay too, if I were a part of such a fruit cake fringe.

William
Rochester, NY

MY MAN — BIG MIKE

From the time I heard your December (Issue 25) front cover and centerfold was to be 'My Man Mike' which you refer to as "Big Mike" from a friend from San Francisco, (Brothel Hotel) who was visiting Miami, I was beside myself until I could locate the magazine. At that time the Miami area had not received the latest issue and nearly a week later another friend in Miami got his subscription issue, I got to see Mike. Then another week passed before the stores here offered the Dec. issue. Finally I got several copies of the issue and also immediately forwarded my renewal of my subscription which I had not realized expired.

And upon searching thru issue 25, I spotted at least 16 shots of Mike including the cover and centerfold — unless I missed some. Drummer's taste for men now has reached its highest caliber and cannot be surpassed. Big Mike has to be the hottest number from coast to coast. He is the most macho man of today's men — a master of both masters and slaves alike.

'Big Mike' is the greatest!
I love you Mike.

D.G.E.
Miami, FLA



Big Mike loves you too! — Ed.

EQUUS INQUIRY

Who are the men pictured in your article "Equus" in Issue 25, especially the ones on pages 31, 35, 37 and 38. The hairy macho man is great. Tell us more about him and where I might write him.

D.G.C.
Miami, FLA

(We will pass any correspondence on to Efren Ramirez, Equus photographer, and we'll see what happens. — Ed.)

CANADIAN KICKER

The reason I am writing is to inform you that I have been having considerable difficulties with Canadian Customs lately. For at least six months practically everything ordered from outside Canada (mostly magazines) have been intercepted and seized by Customs. I am hoping that your magazine will get through, but I am not hopeful.

By some miracle, *Son of Drummer* (which I ordered at the same time) reached me some time ago with no difficulty. It apparently had been missed from being sidetracked to the "Customs International Mail Branch" for inspection.

I don't know if these difficulties exist all across Canada, or just in this region, or whether my address has been on a select list for closer scrutiny, but I thought I should warn you about this problem.

JAY
Ontario, Canada

(Those closet mounties have to get their j/jo mags from somewhere! Maybe the answer is ordering thru a P.O. Box with a fictitious business front. — Ed.)

HOT, USED AND ABUSED

For awhile there I thought that "our" hot magazine had gone limp on us. But these last two issues have been hotter than ever — and the recent issue gets in some excellent points in the editorial column.

Thanks for getting back on the right track, there's nothing else like Drummer.

Your article on the Arena Action came just before I went to SFO for a vacation. I signed myself up, and had an amazing experience. How about some interviews with authentic "slaves" as well as the good fiction that we all jerk off over?

G.G.

HAIRLESS HOCKEY HUNKS

The young hockey ace, Denis Potvin, has just written a book "Power On Ice" — In every team of the NHL (National Hockey League) there is now a fixed tradition that all rookies are given a total and complete body and head shave — from their toes to their heads — they are shaved hairless, only eyebrows & eyelashes remain. According to Potvin and I quote — many teams have an older team member who is the "Official Shaver" whose duty it is to "shave every piece of hair off the rookies — including pubic hair — chest hair — and all hair on the head."

This custom is widespread throughout all hockey teams — so all those energetic athletes have all been given the "Shave" at least once — and quite often several times, as when they are traded to another team, they are considered rookies and are made hairless by the team veterans.

In some of the big city hockey teams — where the athletes are active in civic affairs — the head of the rookie is not shaved for public relations reasons, but from the neck down, this hockey hero is a total baldy — Far from being a fantasy, this is real life. Next time we see a hockey

game — realize that every player has been held down by his buddies, as the "Official Shaver" goes to work with clippers and razors — I guess that in the minor hockey teams — for a few beers for the team — one could attend such a "Shaving" — What a turn-on that sight would be.

Rick
Jersey City

TURKISH TOOTSIE TORTURE

One special thing needs to be said about *Midnight Express*. Foot fetishists who have put off seeing it should be told that this movie contains two great examples of the seldom-seen Turkish punishment known as the bastinado — beating the soles of the bare feet. We foot freaks believe that a guy's two magnificent slabs of ham are especially designed for the infliction of pain!

As the movie shows, beatings can be applied with various instruments. In one scene the nude prisoner is strung up by his heels and repeatedly flogged on his bare soles with a multi-corded short whip.

In the other scene, four young troublemakers, about age 14, are forced to lie side by side on the ground on their backs. The police place a crate under their knees, forcing their feet into the air. Their sandals are yanked off. The camera lingers long and lovingly on the row of eight slender, tender boyfeet, free of calluses and with cute nubbins for toes. A man approaches with a two-foot black club. The boys are submissive. They do not struggle. They know they are going to get it. Unfortunately the camera does not show the actual blows being delivered. But it does focus on the face and body of each boy as he receives the blows on his feet. All four writhe and scream loudly in agony.

How about publishing stills of these scenes? And, in the future, show more feet being tortured and show photos of slaves being forced to use their tongues to wash and lick the glorious, smelly, dirty bare feet of their masters.

Thanks for publishing my two previous letters. However, I was not the EW represented in your issue No. 25.

E.W.
New York City

CUM AND GET IT

I shot so many cum stains on the pics of Richard Locke in DRUMMER No. 24 that I had to buy another copy.

Please men — how about another shot of that hot man?!

Jack
Buffalo, NY

COPS AND CUFFS

I'm reading your issue, No. 24 just stopping for a moment to put this pen in my hand to tell you that the issue is HOT and as usual I'm hard.

As an exercise in self-discipline I'll write this before my hand returns to what it was doing.

You've really covered bondage on its various levels. My cock and my head are both enjoying the stimulation.

The photo you showed of the two

Continued on page 80

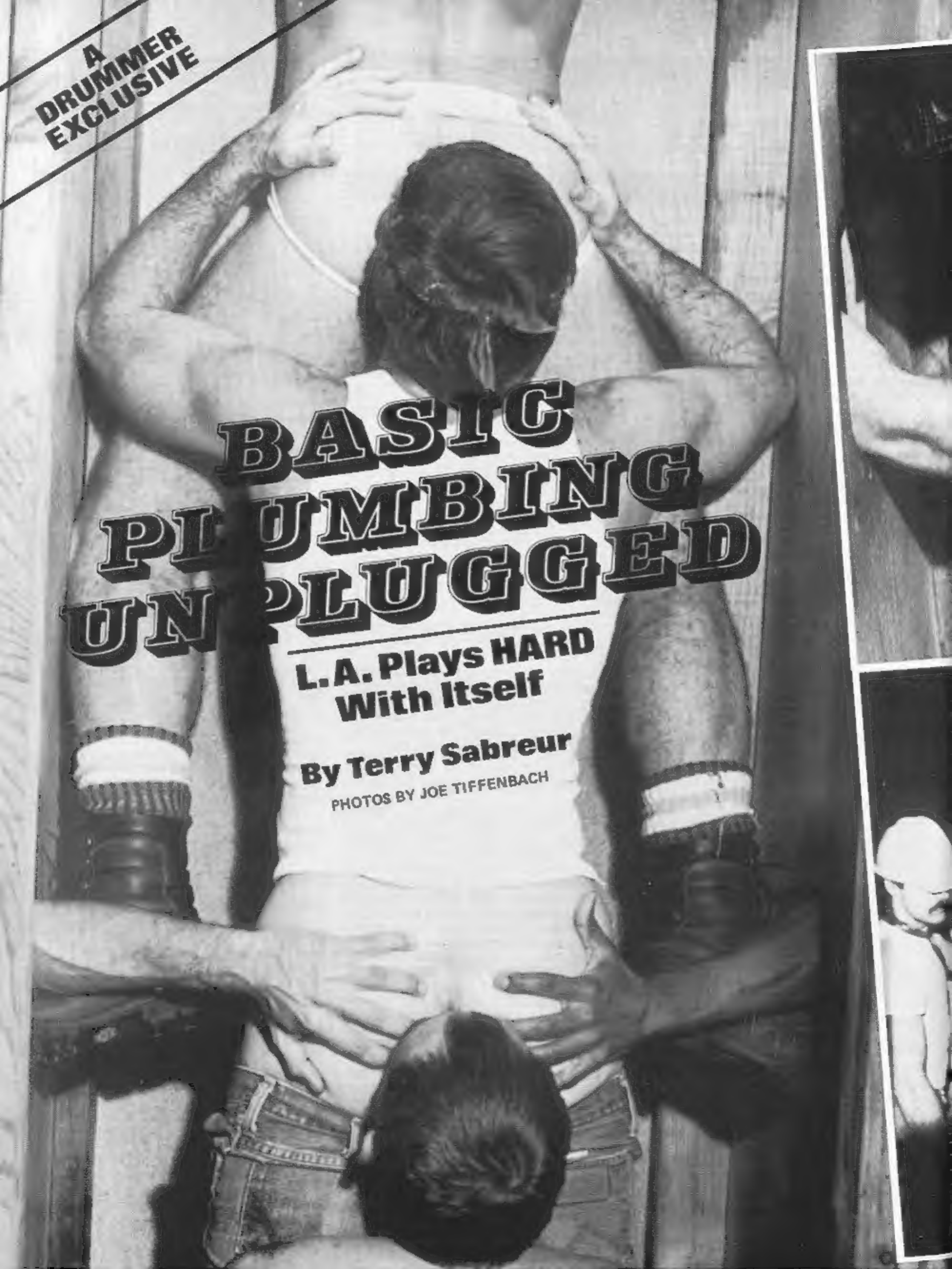
**A
DRUMMER
EXCLUSIVE**

BASIC PLUMBING UNPLUGGED

**L.A. Plays HARD
With Itself**

By Terry Sabreur

PHOTOS BY JOE TIFFENBACH



Remember when glory holes meant something forbidden, something taboo and illegal, something only found in the degenerate restrooms of parks and department stores? Things have changed. The glory hole has been institutionalized.

At Basic Plumbing in L.A., men find new meaning to the words, prurient interests. Libertinism lives. The men packing in nightly are an eclectic fraternity of pleasure-seekers and cock worshipers. They want to max out. And Basic Plumbing gives them space. At this wonderpit, a man's immediate needs are catered to more seductively and decadently than anywhere else in metropolitan Los Angeles.

LAY IT AS IT PLAYS

Basic Plumbing is a men's club for men. Men who take care of themselves and their bodies. Men who like their sex raw, animal, primitive. Men who dig men. A night at Basic Plumbing is a sexual vagrancy, a detour by way of the darker and kinkier fetishes.

Unlike routine sex at the baths, Basic Plumbing fosters secret, sensual mystery in the turn-on of half-dressed studs, ripped t-shirts, stand-up sex. It's the sex "straight" trade gets. Not every guy into dick needs to take off his clothes and jump in bed to get off. Some men get it where they find it: in a car, at a gas station, up an alley way. Basic Plumbing is





sex out of the bedroom and onto the street, the toilet, the back room. It's a salute to the lascivious nature of the predatory male.

HARD KNOCKS

Basic Plumbing offers hard-core masculinity: traditional male images interpreted for late 1970's erotica. The door opens to a wall hung with construction helmets, used jock straps, and chains. An army poster reads: "Handling Of Prisoners Of War."

A guy in a military haircut walks by stripped to a jock strap and boots. Male heat presses in. Jackets slip off. Then shirts. Bare chests and jeans. A couple guys flip cocks from flies. They hang: heavy, waiting, impatient. The music: loud.

The action focuses along the rows of stalls and glory holes. This is the prime meat of L.A. Muscular arms and chests gleam with sweat in the acid red light. Bodies prowl down the halls. Doors of stalls open and shut. Bodies walk in. Moans. Bodies walk out.





PRIVATES

Inside, with the door locked, jeans fall to ankles, spit greases palms, hands tightly grip rigid cocks. There is a large, round hole on each of the three walls, and through every hole is a different turn-on, a sex show as hot and horny as the best fuck-flick.

But this movie is real.

The ten inch cock filling the hole below you is real. The hunk in the next stall, jacking off in a black leather jacket and chaps is real. In the stall behind you a fat, black cock pushes up against a white ass and ploughs inside. Right in front of you, eye level, inches away. That's real too.

ACTUALITIES

Basic Plumbing is a place where men do not hesitate to expand their fantasies. In the anonymous safety of hot shadows, concealed in smoky red lights, sexual hunger growls. These are carnal, omnivorous appetites, bent upon debauchery.

A faceless voice whispers from a hole, "Stick your dick in my mouth."

A hot, wet mouth swallows your cock as your hands grip the handles above, supporting your body as you pump and ride into a soft, sucking mouth. You reach in your pants for amyl. Your right hand brushes a stiff cock. So does your left. You hit the amyl. Both your hands close around two bulging handfuls of dick, both greased and moving on their own, fucking your tightly clenched fists.



BATHTUB SEX

As Basic Plumbing fills up, the temperature rises, crotches bulge, inhibitions break down. It is 4 A.M. Sweat pours off rock-hard chests. Across the room from the glory holes, the sling bangs against the wall. In it is shackled a guy whose legs stick straight up in the air. A dude plants an arm half way up his ass.

Behind the sling, the bunkbeds are full of guys' butt-fucking, stomachs and balls slapping ass.

Across from the beds is a tub. A slave with a leather-studded collar around his neck kneels obediently inside, his mouth catching the jets of piss aimed from a half dozen swollen cocks.

MENS SANA

Everywhere the hypnotic odors of sweat and cum, the smell of fucking and the smell of dick, penetrate and fuse the air with lust. A deep, male groan often rises in ecstasy above the music; hoarse, breathless, guttural.

Stoned and sweating, a hard-on in your hand, there is another level you can cross over to. A bolder, Dionysian flame burns in the blood, and in the crotch.



The trash vision of dudes jacking-off together emerges from the shadows, cum pouring onto other cocks, shooting up onto hairy chests, white cum shooting into black space.

IN CORPORE SANO

The men of Basic Plumbing have tapped the most primal, libidinal desires west of the MINESHAFT. Their hunt for gratification is uncompromising, completely shameless. There is a total eclipse of restraint. Nocturnal-sleaze unleashed upon male flesh. The sweet defilement of men by men.

The energy at Basic Plumbing is intense, physical, and kinetic. The images are blatant, and startling in their severity. A compulsion towards the salacious captures one: the slide is ever downward.

This midnight underworld magnetizes the animals in men and draws them out. It's a lurid dream-world, saturated in sweat: inheritance of the urban cowboy, the redneck, the trucker, the sex which is male celebration and nothing but.

Basic Plumbing is witness to that celebratory heritage of male creatures of the night.

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Call this number for information
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GREAT MEN OF THE SILVER SCREEN

DIRTY POOLE

[Everything You Fantasized About WAKEFIELD POOLE, But Were Too Wrecked To Ask]

by Jack Fritscher

WAKE: Is this a Dewar's Profile?

JACK: More like a Do-er's Profile

WAKE: Then this interview is your movie

JACK: Are you ready for your close-up, Mr. Poole?

WAKE: You just direct it.

JACK: When was the first time you were beaten with a coathanger as a child?

WAKE: Never . . . as a child.

JACK: Then how, with the classic *Boys in the Sand*, *Bijou*, *The Bible*, and *Take One*, plus your Broadway and TV experience, have you been driven to deliver such richly "slick" male fantasies?

WAKE: Pull out your coathanger and maybe I'll confess . . . Do readers really want to know the neuroses that make me a Celluloid Junkie?

JACK: "You'll believe a man can fly." Men always want to know what makes a Super Do-er actualize what they only fantasize about.

WAKE: No shit.

JACK: Absolutely shitless. In fact, in *Superman*, director Richard Donner cribbed your technique. He sends Superman and Lois off into a fuckflight in weightless black space. You delivered bodies fucking in directionless space as early as *Bijou*. You make male bodies float disconnected from . . .

WAKE: Reality. I float them because if nothing is there, then everything is there. I'm almost purely into the bodies. Something in the way they move. The action and interaction of the muscles of the body.

My film loops are bodyscapes. I like to film people, I like to film them so they can see not only how they look, but how I see them when they do some really beautifully basic, personal things. They

never see what I see when they're jerking off looking into the mirror. When they see the footage, that's the big surprise.

For instance, Louis DeVries in *Night Driver* has this incredible chest. When he's jerking off, his whole pec gives off a motion that is totally erotic; but he can't see it from his mirrored point of view. So I zoom right in on it. His pec is reacting as much as his hand and his dick are. Same reaction at the top of the body as at the bottom. And yet the camera allows the pec to be isolated from all else. You can study it, savor it — that's the word for bodies and parts of bodies and faces disconnected in sapce. SAVOR. You can savor flesh. No distractions.

JACK: *Boys in the Sand*, on the other hand, was noted for its beautiful surroundings, seashore, beachhouses.

WAKE: That atmosphere was very controlled. That's why straight film reviewers took notice. *Boys* was the first gay film that straights perceived as not sleazy. *Bijou*, which followed *Boys*, is as intentionally sleazy as a film can get, yet there's really nothing literally sleazy in it. The sleaze in *Bijou* is suggested and suggestive.

JACK: I came out on *Bijou*. It was the most erotic movie I'd ever seen.

WAKE: Ha. When Bill Harrison walks into *Bijou*, you hear this carny music and the pinball machine. Noises calculated to set a *mondo sleazo* mood. But when you and he get inside, there's not any literal sleaze. *Bijou* is a dark drop down a gay White Rabbit's fantasy hole.

Take the woman at the ticket window. Fat. Heavy ugh-style make-up. Reading a wrestling magazine. Eating an orange with the juice dripping down the fat wattles of her mouth. What a FACE! The whole

intro is calculated to be lowkey and low-down.

Then when Bill goes inside. He finds nothing but the black void. Yet your attitude is programmed for sleaze. You figure this place is the pits, but he surprisingly passes through a chamber of sculpture and those reaching hands. Is this art? The walls are covered with *Playboy* centerfolds and Bill's jerking off his enormous meat, thinking about what? The girls? The sleaze? I'm not trying to film, in quotation marks, "art."

JACK: The best art is the art that conceals art. Your sleaze-cover makes the art of your films work. At your films, guys get to go in and jerk off, but at the same time their intelligence isn't insulted.

WAKE: And that's a problem. Lately, I've felt a bit self-conscious about "art." I sometimes see "art." That's self-indulgent. That's like forcing the Mona Lisa down someone's throat.

Fuck art.

I want to get back to the fantasy of it all.

JACK: *Take One* to me was an erotic documentary.

WAKE: Yes.

JACK: It would make a good double-bill with something as mainline media as *Word Is Out*. You deal with people who have come out into their bodies, their heads, their sensuality — without politicizing sexuality.

WAKE: There's more sex in *Take One* than in any movie I've ever made. And I never have a lot of come shots. . . *Take One* must have at least twenty. It had a lot of problems with censorship in L.A.

When two brothers ball for the first time in their lives that was documentary on film. It happened in real life while it

Boys in the Sand, Bijou, Superman Anita Bryant, Roger, and Discipline

happened on film. Somehow, instinctively, naturally, they knew exactly what brother-to-brother they were going to do; but nothing was set before the cameras started to roll. The trip was that they wanted to do a whole leather number. They wanted their friends to see how hot they were and what they were really into — just like I sometimes reveal myself on film and just like you sometimes reveal yourself in your writing.

JACK: *Is everything autobiographical?*

WAKE: Mostly. We better check with our analysts. Anyway, the brothers actually did a fistfucking scene which I cut because handballing is not allowed in L.A. Same for piss scenes. The LAPD busts you for both. What I did was cut it so you see the *suggestions* of everything that's happening: the greasing up of the arm.

I made almost a leather ballet out of it. I hate to say *ballet*, but you catch the ballet ruse. So it's a total penetration of the two brothers really experiencing each other for the first time. That's documentary reality. That's also many men's fantasy: to ball with their own brothers.

Then they took off the leather, and I scored in on the soundtrack the noise of kids on a playground, and if you listen really closely you can hear the last words on the track saying, "Hey! You got one just like mine!"

Then they play, wrestle, get into bed, and make love to one another.

That's when it happened for me.

"So many people say, 'God! you changed my life. I saw Casey Donovan sit on a dildo in *Boys in the Sand*. I heard men did that, but when I saw a beautiful man plug himself, suddenly that became alright for me. So I went out and bought one.' That's wonderful! Other men have seen my films and come out of the closet."

Up to then, they were doing all the things they thought they *should* do. That wasn't bad, the way they started. They were wonderful. But you really see them peel themselves down to some basic, honest relating, again, in front of the camera. They just let it all loose.

JACK: *So your camera's kind of a truth verite machine?*

WAKE: Sort of. In *Bijou*, I do a self-rattling Hitchcock number. I jerk off in the multi-media section where the four guys have four orgasms while the girl takes off her clothes. One of the guys didn't come back to do his jerkoff scene. So Peter, who was my lover at the time, suggested I do it, since he was already in it.

So there I was, the big-deal erotic film maker, my lover shooting me from the other room, and I couldn't get a hard on.

Then, THEN, I realized what all these actors go through. So I grabbed the popper and said, "Goodbye, Peter" and I completely forgot the camera. It was a take. Cut and print. So I assume that's what others do: forget the camera. Some, I'm sure, in fact, don't forget the camera; they turn on to it directly. Jesus! To say: "Here I am jerking off for all the world to see." What a trip! Even though my face wasn't showing. Just chest to thighs. So, really, my secret little approach to exhibitionism had nothing to do with ego or identity. We just needed some stand-in meat for that scene.

JACK: *You're a fantasy source for a*

"Everything is done with mirrors. Gay people are done with mirrors. We are our own best creation. I want my audiences to hit their poppers and go through the doors my films hope to open to them. Filmmaking is an actualization of fantasy. Films give people permission to realize what they want. Film helps people function."

lot of people.

WAKE: A reality source too. So many people say, "God! you changed my life. I saw Casey Donovan sit on a dildo in *Boys in the Sand*. I heard men did that, but when I saw a beautiful man plug himself, suddenly that became alright for me. So I went out and bought one." That's wonderful! Other men have seen my films and come out of the closet.

I guess I'm proof of Anita Bryant.

I make recruiting films.

JACK: *In Bijou the ending is highly suggestive SM and in The Bible the Samson and Delilah sequence is so hot a guy needs a popper to watch it. Given the fact that most gay men are basically middle-class and not much beyond kissy-face vanilla sex, have you ever thought about making a heavily ritualistic SM documentary/fantasy film?*

WAKE: *Moving is my SM film extravaganza. With Peter and Terry. Part III.*

JACK: *To me, Peter Fisk is S&M by sheer presence. On screen he reads like an absolute, authentic Top. He really points out heavy mutual sensuality.*

WAKE: Mutuality. Heavy SM to me implies heavy enjoyment on both sides. In *Moving*, you see that Peter as Top and Terry as Bottom both input some control to each other. In that sequence, they fucked united. Take your one hand and hit it with the fist of your other. Which feels the more? Both feel the same force except from different directions.

"Heavy SM to me implies heavy enjoyment on both sides. In *Moving*, you see that Peter as Top and Terry as Bottom both input some control to each other. In that sequence, they fucked united. Take your one hand and hit it with the fist of your other. Which feels the more? Both feel the same force except from different directions."



JACK: *You've made Take One. Now you can make Give One!*

WAKE: SM is in every movie I've made. SM is subtly essential part of sex whether or not homogenized homosexuals admit it or not.

JACK: *You use ritual SM. Would you become visually literal with bondage, torture toys, whipping?*

WAKE: On film? Because if you mean in real life, I've been there. That leather hanging there ain't no Nancy Grossman sculpture. Voyeurism of SM isn't the same as the experience. Voyeurism stays on the outside. SM experience means the pleasure of giving oneself away, the pleasure of submission, the pleasure of vulnerability, as well as the pleasure of giving another man the chance to experience topping you into submissive vulnerability.

JACK: *The media often confuse our ritual SM with news headlines like Dean Corll in Houston and, more recently, this John Wayne Gayze in Chicago, alleged molesters and murderers of nonconsenting young men.*

WAKE: Those guys aren't into SM or even sex. They're into something psychopathic. Men like that have no more in common with us than Anita Brvant has with real singing.

JACK: *What was your impression of the classic Born to Raise Hell?*

WAKE: *Hell?* A well-made film. But then Macy's is a well-made department store. Neither gets me off. In *Born to Raise Hell* I saw no mutual pleasure. Only brutality. Maybe this is a failure of my perception. Where were the hard dicks? Where was the energy exchange? Rumor says that the fistfucking scene where the guy is tied over the bench started out consensually, but that the tied-up actor changed his mind on camera. They fisted him anyway. His protests turned into real screams. That's torture. Not SM. I'm not into torture. I'm into mindfucks.

JACK: *You like to mindfuck whole theaters full of men.*

WAKE: Yeah. Yeah. Oh yeah!

JACK: *You penetrate audiences. How about when you walk into a theater and*

catch a whole audience jerking off to one of your films?

WAKE: I spent an incredible year in New York at the 55th Street Playhouse. If someone I knew was there, like Nancy Grossman, the wonderful artist who does all the SM leather-bondage sculptures, I experienced the movie from an entirely different point of view. Another night twin brothers came in. A friend had fucked with them separately, so I was curious how they reacted to *Take One's* sequence of the brothers balling.

One twin said: "They weren't really brothers were they?"

I said, "Yes."

A scene from *The Bible*, according to St. Poole.



The other twin said, "It wasn't really the first time?"

I said, "Yes."

They looked at each other.

I said, "Haven't you two thought about it?"

They got edgy. Hemmed. Hawed. And said, "Uh, goodbye."

JACK: *Gay films have no Pauline Kael to pronounce them hot, and Rex Reed sells his "criticism" to the highest bidding publicist. Besides word-of-mouth and box-office receipts, how can you tell if a gay erotic film satisfies its audience?*

WAKE: Jack DeVau of Hand-in-Hand Films says, "If they're walking around the theater cruising each other, the movie is hot." I say if they're walking around cruising, they're not into the movie. They're looking for another source to get hot. Truth is probably somewhere in between our two views.

JACK: *Bodies are what your films are all about. So what in gay pop culture do you predict as the realities and fantasies you will reflect from the mirror of your screen in the Eighties?*

Using all the pornstars I could employ. Just like *A Chorus Line*. Have it all take place in a discotheque.

JACK: *Sort of Queens of the Studnuts Ballroom?*

WAKE: Each star could reveal what he really wanted to do. For instance, Bill Harrison of *Bijou* is a fine actor who has appeared with San Francisco's American Conservatory Theater. If Bill were in the show, he'd reveal that he had played Beau in ACT's *Bus Stop*. A projection would come up showing him as Beau while downstage a spot picks up a girl singing, as Marilyn sang in the movie, "That Old Black Magic." Suddenly Bill puts on a cowboy hat and he's Beau, doing a scene live on the spot.

JACK: *Let's call Michael Bennett and Billy Goldenberg right now.*

WAKE: Musical numbers. Dance numbers. If we had twenty pornstars, the finale would have twenty scenes playing their fuckfilms simultaneously all around the theater. Can you see the wonderful Georgina Spelvin in *The Devil in Miss Jones* in a Grand-Finale Fuck-Movie Pro-

system. If I charged one, anybody in the world can have one. I mean, I have parts of five companies and I have no money. How can I live in debt? What else is there? I shot most of my first film, *Boys in the Sand*, on a Mastercharge.

JACK: *How do you feel about having buffed Roger's act into a bonanza?*

WAKE: How do you feel about having kicked DRUMMER into gear? Actually, Cliff Newman who operates the Nob Hill Theater here in San Francisco and I got no credit. Not that it matters. Cliff, credited or not, is incredible. I'd seen Roger in L.A. Went backstage and introduced myself. We hit it off. I told Roger he should do some serious physique posing. "You're the only man," I said, "in this business so far who can make real muscle stuff work. You're built, hung, and beautiful. For God's sake, don't just go-go dance." That's all I said.

JACK: *DRUMMER No. 21 did a full-blown article on Roger and what you did for him.*

WAKE: Transferring Roger from L.A. to San Francisco was a trip just this side

MY FANTASY FOR THE EIGHTIES IS TO PRODUCE A LIVE BROADWAY SHOW. MULTI-MEDIA.
USING ALL THE PORNSTARS I COULD EMPLOY. JUST LIKE A CHORUS LINE.
HAVE IT ALL TAKE PLACE IN A DISCOTHEQUE.

WAKE: Technically, we're moving into the Videotape Eighties. All my films will soon be available through Irving on video cassette. Not only is the transfer quality excellent, you don't get grease all over your tape the way super-8 film, loaded during sex, looks like it was developed by Crisco.

JACK: *You created Roger, and Roger created a stampede to the boxoffice. Nobody's bothered to pick up where Roger left off when Roger disappeared.*

WAKE: Gay erotic stars have short careers usually. Fresh meat is the name of the game. But a lot of these guys are really fine people. I went to a party at Falcon Studios. Curtis Taylor took me upstairs. There sat six guys who made Falcon films. My mouth fell open. Armies could have marched over my tongue. Me, the "sophisticated" filmmaker!

I said to them all, "My God! I'm a fan!" Seeing them all in the flesh for the first time, I admitted how much I'd jerked off to their wonderful movies.

That's something about erotica: the energy exchange. When you shoot a film, or act in a film loop, or — as in your case with DRUMMER — write something hot, you put out a lot of energy. Much sooner than later that energy circles back to you when some guy in Dubuque jerks off to what you've done. Whenever I get a chill unexpectedly down my spine, I figure some man somewhere just got off on something I put on celluloid. That energy exchange, not money and not "art," is the real reason I make films, or these Falcon men act in them, or — I'll bet — you write.

My fantasy for the Eighties is to produce a live Broadway show. Multi-media.

duction number? Maybe this is for the Eighties . . . Do you know any angel with a million bucks?

JACK: *Sounds not too far-fetched. After all, you continually turn out good feature-film and loop product at Irving. You're known for your artistic discipline within a largely self-indulgent gay culture. The public believes you lead a hi-ho glamorous life.*

WAKE: I wash my own dishes.

JACK: *And your creative product is good stuff.*

WAKE: Discipline is my biggest problem. I'm in one way so disciplined that I could sing a couple choruses of "Don't Get Around Much Anymore." Some rumors have it that I'm a drug recluse. Ain't so. I don't run around because I don't have time. Instead of 48 hours at the Slot, I feel better in my studio producing something. That gets me off.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not Maria Monk.

I worked till 6 AM the other night and was so horny I went to Buena Vista Park for sunrise services that lasted till 11 AM. Sometimes I kneel so much I feel positively religious. I came back, worked all day, and went to a private re-screening of my friend John Schlesinger's *Day of the Locust*.

If that's what you define as discipline, then I'm disciplined to the degree I enjoy what I do. I don't even think about money. With money, I'm totally undisciplined. I play. My playing makes money. It's magic.

JACK: *Yet you say you're always in hock.*

WAKE: True. I've long wanted my own video. So I charged my videotape

of Josef Von Sternberg creating Dietrich. When Cliff, who had already booked Roger sight unseen into the Nob Hill, asked me what the act was like, I tried not to prejudice him. I said, "Roger is personable, charming, dances well; he's a real showman; he has a great dick, muscles, and — I think — a nice head." I said nothing about Roger's L.A. act per se.

When Roger arrived at the Nob Hill two days before his scheduled opening, he auditioned for Cliff. When Roger finished, Cliff said, "If that's the act you intend to lay on San Francisco on this stage, you have your first week's guarantee and your ticket back. I suggest you use it. San Francisco will laugh you off the stage."

I took a good deep breath and said to Roger, "Now that Cliff has said that, I'll tell you what I think. You're a very hot man. You've got everything but backup to pull you off. If you're willing, Cliff and I are going to take you apart and put you back together."

I looked back at his manager and said, "Jim, if we say too much, or if you've had enough, just stop us. But we're going to lay it on the line."

Roger was wonderful about it. He opened up. We added in the wet nylon beach pants and white headband that had made him famous on that centerspread *Blueboy* bicycle seat. We added in the beginning and closing classic muscle-posing presentation. Roger had the slides, but I had to shoot the movie and have it ready in two days.

I shot on negative stock straight through. Before the end of the 200-foot four-minute reel, Roger stroked it up

from scratch. Big, floppy and soft to big, thick, and hard. And he shot Heavy. Talk about lights, camera, action! We printed it and exhibited it on the Nob Hill screen precisely as it happened. Another documentary.

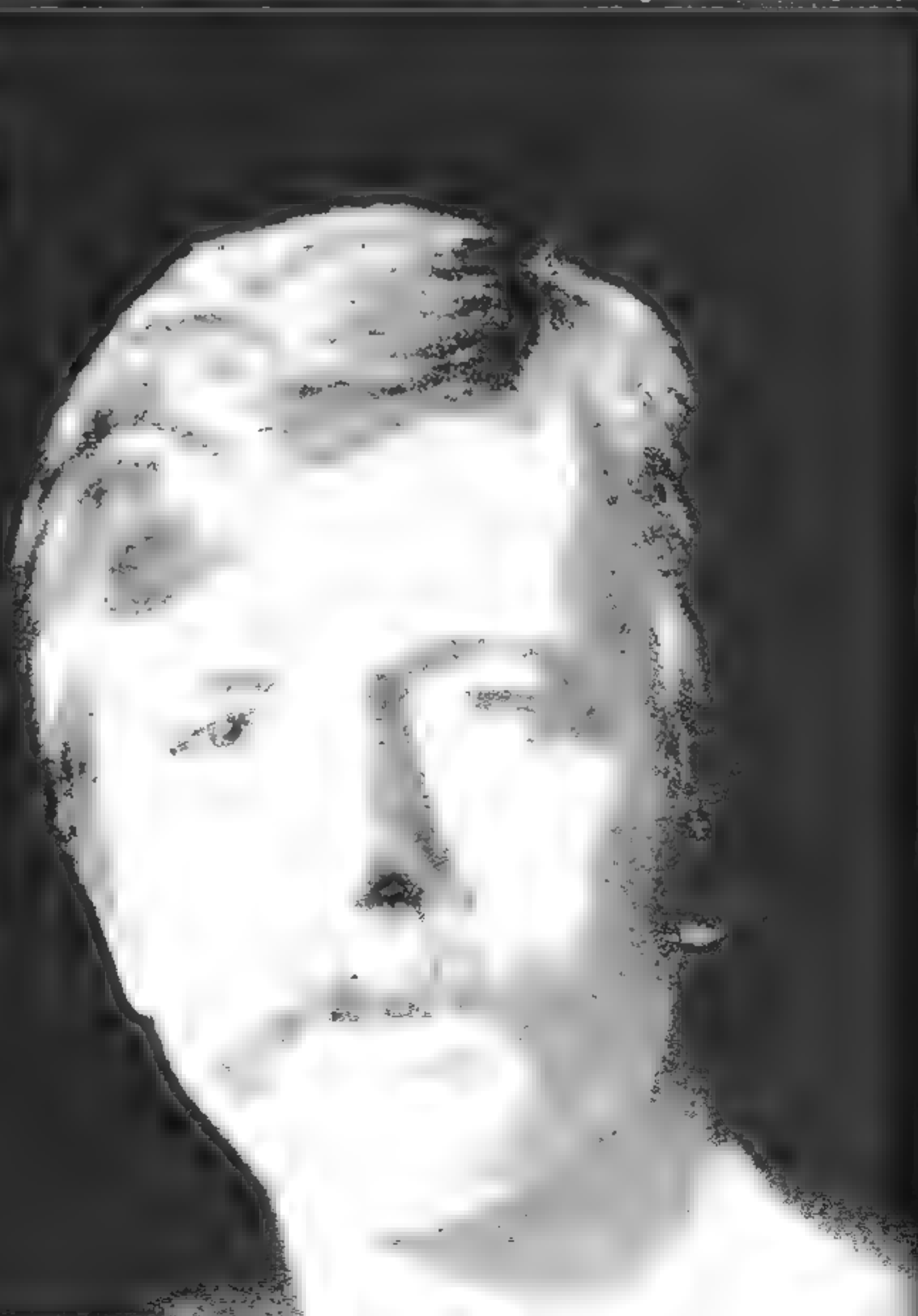
Such a hit! Cliff and I had never worked together before; but Cliff has always been supportive. He exhibits my films and allowed me to use the Nob Hill Theater itself as the shooting set for *Take One*. At any rate, on opening night, after a minor adjustment in the finale, Roger came back beaming. The audience tore the house down. Every night thereafter, Cliff kept working with the production, making the lights, sound, and visuals always a little different. He kept the act fresh. Roger ran for weeks to an SRO house. A really fine energy exchange.

JACK How do you audition talent? Everyone imagines you have this incredible casting couch that never gets a chance to cool down.

WAKE Usually I just fondle my whip and say, "Take off your clothes." Actually, even though I want my actors to make love to the camera, I very seldom have them strip. Sometimes I do when in doubt. I mean, in an audition, with three of us interviewing the prospect, we might say, "Drop your jeans and get it hard." That's more for the shock therapy than for any exploitation. I cast basically by feedback, aura, securities, insecurities. I find faces as important, if not more important, to my films than genitalia.

Left: Wake wired for action

Below: The secret of *Bijou* is Bill Harrison's face. His smile is ultimate orgasm



JACK: Are you insecure?

WAKE: Is Flushing in New York? Everyone is insecure. Especially when you're both a private and a public person. To have to relate to people as the public Wakefield Poole — whoever the fuck *he* is in their minds — is difficult. Just like you getting chased by DRUMMER groupies. People think I have hot and cold running numbers here all day long. Please don't tell them I don't. People see my movies and think I have answers. What I have is insecurities. Like: who's going to pay my Mastercharge. My life is no different from the moviegoers' lives. Except that it's mine. Jeez. This joint won't stay lit.

Poole's men in the park and in the void.



JACK: What's your favorite movie?

WAKE: Usually, the last one I made. I really like to screen my films for friends. I really got off the night I screened *The Bible* for you, and you got up and walked over to me and asked for the poppers. How fabulous.

JACK: Your work deserves a very specific kind of "salute."

WAKE: Actually, rescreening my films is a bit like celluloid self-analysis. And I don't mean just trying to find mistakes I wish I hadn't made like the Pepsi can caught within a scene where it should never be. I mean, discovering stuff about the film that slipped in subconsciously when it was made and is only now after several more years of living becoming consciously apparent to me.

Sometimes I watch the actor's performance: Georgina, Bill Harrison, Harrison, as I said, is an incredible actor. He structured his *Bijou* performance meticulously. Beginning to end. The secret of *Bijou* is that Harrison's face never shows doubt or pleasure. Then at the end, he smiles. That Harrison smile is the orgasm. His smile is the only thing the audience has not seen. They've seen his enormous cock; they've seen him suck men and fuck women. The only thing left is his incredible pleasureable smile. His face. Face.

JACK: Fred Halsted, whose *L.A. Plays Itself* is an erotic classic, should learn that about his own filmmaking. Halsted's own face is his greatest asset. While his films are appropriately menacing, he too rarely uses a reaction shot of his own face. He should take a cue from early Warhol. Halsted's greatest film will be twenty

minutes of nothing but a close-up of his own face. I know he prefers not to be typecast into role-playing Top or Bottom, but anyone who is projected larger than life on screen or page is automatically perceived by the viewer as a Top.

WAKE: That's the essence of cinema. *face* Not t ts or ass or cock or fist. *Face*.

JACK: Hollywood traditionally cast heroes as men around 35.

WAKE: My men have grown progressively older as have I. I mean, I'd love to have growing old in my attic *The Film of Dorian Poole*, but I really get into whatever age I am. My heroes reflect my age. I'm 43, but I feel 32. Currently, I'm casting men in their 30's.

Beef has character chicken lacks.

Joe Markham, who has worked with Falcon and Brentwood, is a good example. He really is a film-loop star. One of my alltime favorites. We bailed one night at Dave's Baths and I asked him to play in my new film. He said he was too old. The movie is called *Windows*. I couldn't use him before; but now he's the right age and he's hotter than he's ever been.

JACK: You cast a spectrum of types from the beachboy Cal Culver (*Casey Donovan*) to the nightcreature Peter Fisk. Great range for the audience.

WAKE: One from Column A. Two from Column B. Except for *Bijou*, I never

cast any type consciously. For *Bijou* I cast seven specifically different types. Most often I cast from my friends. Casting sort of "happens." One critic slapped my hand because there was no long-haired boy in *Boys*, so in *Bijou* I added one: Bob Stubbs. In fact, when I made *Bijou*, my hair was long. I was trying to be the Breck girl. Can I say that in *DRUMMER*? Then I cut it off. Cut it off with a straight razor.

JACK: That you can say in *DRUMMER*. But why *The Bible*? Religion and sex? But then all your films are highly ritualized. Therefore: religious. Maybe you really are a religious filmmaker. You make the body a temple and sex a religious act.

WAKE: You make me sound like Pope Poole I. I was raised very religiously. My biggest disappointment in life was when I could no longer believe all that traditional stained-glass stained-soul stuff. I remember the day I lost all faith. Yet my religious instincts are intact. I have a sense of worship. I worship with my camera. I worship everything: men, women, everything!

This sounds like *My-Life-And-Hard-Times*; but I've been an alcoholic, on my back in a camelhair coat, lying in a snow-drift with cabs running by me on 6th Avenue.

JACK: Was that the worst thing that's ever happened to you?

WAKE: I could have gone to the Guyana Film Festival. But I loathe Kool-Aid. Actually, I'm a survivor. Like the song from *Follies*: "I'm Still Here." The worst thing that ever happened was the year I went dry. I had not one creative thought. Nothing in my head. Talk about *unhappy*. I was married at the time. My wife was wonderful; but there we both were, caught in a fundamental change in my career and life.

That's why I empathized so much with Kris Kristofferson in *A Star Is Born*. I dried up. I had energy and no place to put it. I knew I wasn't gone forever, just stuck. I watched TV sixteen hours a day. I'd call my agent. I'd go for a job. I was up to direct *Lolita*. I had a wonderful concept, but it was never done. It just wasn't my time. I couldn't even get arrested.

Fortunately, it was my wife's time. She was making money doing commercials. There was so much negative energy coming in, caused by me at that time, that nothing positive could possibly go out.

MOVING Peter Fisk's fist begins to convince Terry how tattoos up to the elbow can disappear — up to the elbow.



JACK: But you were a big success in the straight New York whirl. How'd you engineer that?

WAKE: Are you going to believe this? I started choreographing the Macy's Parade for NBC. Suddenly I got creative. What shit. That's when I worked with Anita Bryant. For two years we did the Orange Bowl Parade. Four months after the second Florida parade, I made Boys.

JACK: You used to work on the Ed Sullivan Show also. Your sequences with Edward Villella were way ahead of their time.

WAKE: Sullivan was one thing. Bryant was another. Anita and I are very similar raised in the South; religious; we both like guys. I have six or seven ministers in my family tree. One uncle started 23 churches. When I was seven, I stood in St. John's Lutheran Church in Salisbury, North Carolina, and sang "God Bless America." A little to the west of me, Anita was singing "Jesus Loves Me."

The verdict's still out on that one!

When I was twelve, I played my first Orange Bowl. I sang "The Marine Hymn" while a bunch of recruits reenacted the flag-raising on Iwo Jima. When they make the ABC-TV movie of my life, I hope they start out with that number. Now that she's finished playing Judy in Rainbow, I fantasize "Wake-at-12" to be played by Andrea McArdle.

JACK: When did you have your first sex with a male?

WATER to Wakefield means more than every one into the Pool!



WAKE: I don't ever remember not having sex with men. Chickens first. I thought chickens were first to fuck and then to eat. My family never knew their Sunday chicken died happy. I had no qualms. I mean, my grandmother cleaned them with scalding water.

JACK: Did you ever kill one with your dick in it?

WAKE: I don't believe in pulling out. You've seen my movies.

JACK: Filmmaker talk with tongue-in-cheek.

WAKE: Like Holly Goightly, I'd rather be natural than normal. That's a subtle, but essential, difference in philosophy of living. Normal is what most people do because they see other people doing it. Natural is what you feel like expressing when you're being true to yourself.

I had a boyfriend, a childhood lover, from my earliest recollection. We crawled

through each other's windows to get at each other. Later my family moved to Florida and it tore my heart out to leave him. I thought everybody enjoyed and suffered this kind of thing. What did I know then from *gay* or *homosexual*? I knew *natural*. I just knew I loved this boy.

One summer he came down to Florida. It was the summer WWII ended. I remember hearing it on the radio as we sat on the porch playing cards, wearing shorts, dressed in appropriate Forties little-boy drag.

The last time I saw him was at my grandmother's funeral. He called his wife, talked to his two little boys, told them he was spending the night with me, and we made love. I'm sure he's never made love to another man before or since. We never discussed it. Our love was a very natural thing.

JACK: *Has your name always been Wakefield Poole?*

WAKE: Always. Walter Wakefield Poole, III. My father was Walt. My grandfather was Walter. I was Wakie.

JACK: *How do you feel about being the end — as most gay men are — of a long genealogical line? Our personal collection of genes stops with us. We are sort of punctuation marks at the end of long sentences that descend from time in memorial.*

WAKE: Then I want to be an exclamation point.

JACK: *I'm going out as a question mark.*

WAKE: My sister, now dead, once said, "You're all that's left to carry on."

JACK: *And look how you're carrying on.*

WAKE: What's in a name? Peter Fisk changed his name legally when we made *Boys*. He hated his last name. It was over fourteen letters and very German.

JACK: *I always wanted to relate to Peter. But I get speechless around him.*

WAKE: When's your birthday?

JACK: June 20.

WAKE: What's in a name? I've left my films to go on. Guys, I hope, will be watching them 500 years from now. Hard to tell where my sister's blood lies will be. I won't be here. I mean Wakefield Poole won't be here. I'll . . . Well, wait a minute and think about that.

JACK: *For now, at least, your screen is a mirror.*

WAKE: Everything is done with mirrors. Gay people are done with mirrors. We are our own best creation. I want my audiences to hit their poppers and go through the doors my films hope to open to them. Filmmaking is an actualization of fantasy. Films give people permission to realize what they want. Film helps people function.

JACK: *That's your art.*

WAKE: Maybe. Maybe, that's entertainment.

One last thing I tell you before discretion gets back its underwear.

I love reality. I love to film reality.

Sometimes that disturbs the vast majority of gays who for all their gayness still cling to middleclass values. But I'll tell you a truly real moment in one of my films that says everything anyone needs to know, if in fact anyone cares to know anything about me.

In *Boys*, when Peter pulls his hand out of Terry's ass, audiences gasp at the juices and fluids that come running out. When we were editing, I said to Peter, "That's not blood. That's not scat. Those are juices, life fluids. I can't cut that moment, because that is the REAL moment when the fluid comes out around the arm tattooed to the elbow. That's one interpretation of reality related man-to-man."

Critics can play forever with *who* put *what* *where* in my films. I don't care. Just as long as they see, the way audiences see, that somebody has put something somewhere.

JACK FRITSCHER





S&M GYM By G.B. Misa

Chapter 14

THE WINNER AND NEW CHAMPION!

It felt great . . . having the gym all to myself for my final workout before the most important contest of my life . . . Mr. Bay Area! Surprisingly, (considering my recent escape from Thunder Cole) I was full of energy as I worked out on my chest. Six sets on the bench press with three hundred pounds. When I glanced in the mirror I could see the blood rushing to my pectoral muscles from the pumping I was giving it. I went from an incline dumb bell press (still for the chest) to a decline press with 100 pounds of iron in each hand. As the workout got more intense I could feel every muscle of my body come alive right down to my Achilles tendon.

I tried to figure it out as I went to work on the lat machine with 190 pounds . . . what was it . . . the wonder . . . the excitement of a truly great workout? The sweat pouring from my armpits . . . the back of my neck . . . in my crotch . . . my balls pulling into their sac . . . almost going up into my stomach and yet sometimes my dick getting hard . . . even dribbling pre-cum. Energy . . . power . . . king of the mountain . . . yeah, that was part of it . . . a wonderful part . . . but there is more to it . . . much more than that. I could feel a kind of ineffable rush to judgement as I finished off my lats and concentrated on my deltoids as I pressed two hundred pounds over my head. Earlier I'd squatted with 550 pounds . . . yeah, you gotta feel the pain if you're gonna make the gain . . . I was moaning and groaning as I did the last set of overhead press . . . increasing the weight to 220. I was crying as I managed eight reps but then I faced the full length mirror.

Yes, I'd done it. I was finished. I was ready for the Mr. Bay Area Contest. I was tempted to look in the mirror at my magnificent body but I pulled my eyes away. Yes, I knew that Rip Powell had awakened all the slaves . . . all of Killer's slaves and they would be the mirrors . . . I would see my reflection in their eyes. For a moment I contented myself with running my hands over my sweaty chest, under my arms and down between my legs, grabbing at my manhood, which was half hard. I pulled at my balls, tight in their sac. "Rip," I yelled. "I've finished my workout. I am ready!"

As if by magic Rip appeared in the doorway leading to the locker room. He was playing with one of his golden balls. "It is time then?"

I spoke quietly, confidently. "Yes, it is time!"

Rip snapped his fingers and they entered silently, almost stealthily, some of them half asleep. Some of them I didn't even recognize. Then I saw Alastair Ames, the big dude who had owned the gym until I'd 'arranged' to have him sign it over to Killer McKenna. I saw Rufus and some of the others. Before long the gym held twenty young studs . . . all of them the exclusive property of my master . . . the one and only, Killer McKenna.

I had to hand it to the golden boy of baseball. On such short notice he'd organized the preview extremely well. He turned off a few lights, had set up some spots, and the gym was in darkness except for the improvised stage at the far end. "Good job, Rip!" I said as I jumped onto the stage.

His face flushed with pleasure. He looked into my eyes and then down at my crotch. Ole Rip was always hungry for my dick. I was sure he was sucking off half the baseball teams in the major leagues. "Thank you, George!" Still he couldn't tear his eyes away from my crotch.

I stood motionless . . . in my sweat suit. Then I slowly, carefully took off the top, throwing it to the slaves beneath me. Disembodied hands grabbed for it eagerly. I didn't even bother to pose. I just stared down into their eyes. Yes, this was the beginning. I'd gotten an inkling of what I had to do in the basement john at the Embarcadero. Yes, I was the creator, the painter . . . the sculptor . . . and my job was to mold them . . . to turn the audience into one adoring mass . . . one brain . . . on reflex and response . . . one feeling . . . adoration of me . . . it was that simple.

Now very slowly I untied the strings of my sweat pants. Before I took them off my hand ran down to my crotch, outlining the shape of my dick . . . then dropping the sweat pants . . . yes, it was a strip tease, but a strip tease with power and energy and my hot sweat. As one of my legs emerged from the sweat pants and they saw I was wearing a jock strap and there was a low, ecstatic moan almost in unison but not quite . . . the sudden articulation:

HE'S ALMOST AS GORGEOUS AS KILLER
HE COULD BE MY MASTER ANY TIME
OH, TELL ME WHAT TO DO!

It wasn't enough. It was just beginning. They were still think-

ing. I wanted their reactions to come from the guts. Now my balls were once again hanging heavy and pushing at the jock strap. I stood motionless until the silence was complete and then I gave them my classic bicep pose, with my torso twisted at the exact right angle to accent the V. A pause . . . and then all the slaves stood up, screaming, applauding, yelling and I could feel the adulation caressing my body and stiffening my dick and making it run with pre-gism.

DO IT, BABY!

FLAUNT IT!

SHOW IT HARD! SHOW IT HARD!

The words slammed into my burning head . . . yeah, show it hard. Why in hell not? With one swift movement I tore at my jock strap, ripping it off my body. I threw it at them. They fought like animals for it but when they looked back at the stage I was naked in the classic John Grimek pose, my legs spread wide. They gasped in unison and then went out of their collective slave heads. My dick was hard and dribbling with the reaction to their devotion. It was beautiful . . . a true collective happening . . . I could've started a revolution . . . they would've followed me through hell.

My body flowed from one pose to another and they never stopped their standing ovation until I hit my last pose. It was a back pose and when I finished it I whirled around, holding my hands high in the air and I gave them their ultimate reward. Without touching my dick I shot off into the undulating mass of Killer's slaves. And then it was over. It was a kind of a let down as I pulled on my sweat pants. I felt a sudden chill . . . almost a premonition of some strange event in the near future. Rip Powell was standing at the doorway and he was herding the slaves back to their respective beds . . . some in Killer's closet and others in sleeping bags in the smelly locker room.

Then they were all gone except for Rip and me. "How do you feel, Georgie?" And still his eyes were on my crotch.

"I dunno . . . feel sort of strange."

"You miss Killer, don't you?"

My heart lurched in my chest. He'd hit it right on the button. Here it was the night before the biggest day in my life and where was my master? Yeah, probably off somewhere recruiting some new slave. The son of a bitch didn't have any heart and yet I loved him. "Ah . . . Rip, did he say when he'd be home?"

"All he told me was that he *might* be back in time for the contest, George!"

"Might?" The word stuck in my throat.

"That's what he said."

"The mother fucking son of a bitch! Fuckin' God damned Killer! I hate your guts!"

"You hate my guts, Georgie Porgie?" The voice was deep and unmistakable and it sent chills down my back.

I whirled around, my guts twisted in a knot. Yeah, it was Killer McKenna standing in the doorway. He was wearing a faded old pair of blue jeans with patches on them and a sweat shirt that was too large for him but he looked more gorgeous than ever. "I . . . ah . . . I . . . didn't mean it . . . I . . . ah . . . sir!"

"Fuckin' stutterer!" He shook his head in disgust. "How the fuck do you expect to win the contest tomorrow when you ain't got no confidence in yourself. Thank God you don't have to give a speech or even open your mouth . . . ignorant asshole!"

"I . . . ah . . . I . . . it's good to see you, Boss!" I gulped down my anger at his words.

"Shit, let me get a look at you." He strutted toward me. "Get out of those sweat pants."

Dutifully I stripped, standing in front of my master, trying to keep my knees from knocking together and my prick from getting hard just because he was near me. I tried to look away but I was breathing hard. It always blew my mind, the impact Killer had on my whole being. It was as if he were somehow imprinted on my soul. It was more than the way he looked and acted. What was it? I don't think it was the contrast of his jet black curly hair to his baby white skin or the 225 pounds of rock hard muscle on his six foot three frame. It was much more than that. It was a kind of supreme confidence, an arrogance, a take charge attitude. When Killer McKenna walked into a room you knew he was the boss . . . there were no doubts and everything was clear and somehow perfect. Everyone knew exactly what to do . . . who they

were.

His thumb and index finger pulled at my waist . . . checking for fat . . . he pushed at the cuts of my abdomen, ran his hand roughly over my chest. Shit, I almost expected him to tell me to bend over and spread my cheeks. "Not bad, Georgie. You bin workin' out purty hard, huh?"

"Yes, sir. My arms are nineteen inches, sir and . . ."

"Well, we'll see," he interrupted. "If you're lucky you might place third tomorrow. You better get some sleep . . . hit the sack!" He moved to the door, his hand unconsciously stroking and adjusting his dick. By the way, Georgie if you do not win the Mr. Bay Area Contest don't bother to come back to the gym because the door will be locked. I've given Rip instructions to *not* let you in. You got that loud and clear?"

THE SON OF A BITCH. AFTER ALL I'D DONE FOR HIM, I'D TURNED THIS CRUMMY BANKRUPT GYM INTO A GOLD MINE AND NOW HE HAD THE NERVE TO TELL ME NOT TO COME BACK IF I DIDN'T WIN. I WONDERED . . . DIDN'T KILLER HAVE ANY FEELINGS ABOUT ANYTHING?

I looked him right in the eye. "I understand." I turned on my heel and went to the locker room and grabbed my sleeping bag. A minute later I was sound asleep with the other slaves.

They were all there, all of the leading contenders for the Mr. Bay Area Contest. Fifteen of them backstage at the Bayview Auditorium but I knew I only had to worry about Thunder Cole and an Italian kid named Tony Padua plus a black dude from the Inner City Gym. Backstage, I looked around, trying to spot Padua. He was nowhere in sight but I did see the black dude. Earlier I'd seen him at the Rick Fanni Gym and he'd looked great. Now he didn't look so hot. It took me awhile to figure it out. Yeah, he had a huge Afro that dwarfed his head and body and somehow made him look out of proportion. Even his very wide shoulders looked narrow. Well, there was one guy I wouldn't have to worry about.

I looked around at the other contestants who were busily doing pushups and pumping up their arms and chests. One tall blond guy had a great torso worthy of Steve Reeves in his prime but he stood on legs that were like toothpicks. A Spanish dude had great legs, tremendous arms but no chest. I had to admit that most of them were a miserable lot.

It was happening at last. The Mr. Bay Area Contest had started. This would be the payoff for the months and months of hard work in the gym. I was surprisingly relaxed as I watched Steve Grymkowski from the wings. He was a guest and was giving an exhibition. I watched for a few moments but then turned away. Then I saw Thunder Cole. I watched as the bastard finished off his sit-ups, sat up and winked at me. He was totally poised and together. I felt the rage grabbing at my throat but turned away. I knew if I laid a hand on Thunder I'd get disqualified and he'd love that.

Again I looked for the fabulous Tony Padua. After all, he was supposed to be Thunder's chief rival for the title of Mr. Bay Area. And then I saw him. Wow! My dick stiffened in my posing trunks. What a hump! He was standing in a corner talking animatedly to his father, who was also his trainer. I had to admit he looked incredible even though he was short, about five feet six inches. However, his proportions were classic, in the tradition of Franco Columbu, from his massive shoulders right down to the tiny waist and the heavy musculature of his legs. His posing trunks held a heavy hunk of Italian salami. It was the only part of his body that was out of proportion but I knew the judges liked guys with big dicks. For after all, weren't all physique contests primary purpose to find the sexiest macho stud? Tony Padua also had the dynamic Italian sexual look that would be a turn-on for the audience. Just one look at him and I wanted to ball him.

Tony kept talking to his father, using his hands. He seemed to be very excited. I took a few steps forward and listened. "Hey, Pop, do you really think I can beat a guy like Thunder Cole?"

"How many times do you want me to tell you . . .? You'll win in a breeze. It's no contest." His father spoke in a flat, sing-song voice.

"You sure?"

"Positive, son!"

"But Thunder is six feet tall and I'm wel . . . you know . . ."

I could tell Tony's father had to reassure him every ten sec-

onds. His voice was weary from it. "Son, his legs don't match his upper body. You'll win . . . believe me."

"You think so, Dad?"

"I know so, son. Just relax . . . okay?"

I stepped forward, shoving my hand out. "Hi! I'm George Misa! I'm hoping to win third place."

"Hiya, George," Tony smiled. "You work for Killer Mc Kenna, right?"

"That's right," I said. Up close Tony was even sexier. I wanted to drag him behind the curtains and suck him off. "Ah . . . I couldn't help overhearing you talking to your father and I agree with him."

"I don't know what . . ." It was obvious Tony would never be a Rhodes scholar.

"Thunder Cole doesn't have a chance! You've got it made, Tony. You've got the best build!"

His eyes widened with pleasure. "You think so?"

"No doubt about it!" I grinned. "Look at those arms . . . and those legs! You've got champion written all over you."

"Yeah, but Thunder Cole. He . . ."

"He isn't so hot," I said.

He leaned forward, confidential. "I heard . . . ah . . . well . . . that Thunder is a fuckin' queer."

"Yeah . . . you heard that?"

"Yeah, I heard it!" His fists were clenched as if he were fighting some unseen enemy. "If there's one thing I can't stand it's these God damned queers! They're ruining the weightlifting business. They're a bunch of prostitutes . . . selling their asses and all that shit . . . they're giving us all a bad name! I ain't no fuckin' fag!"

I gave him a big smile. "Hey, maybe we should put all gay weightlifters into concentration camps. What do you say to that?"

"It sounds like a great idea."

"Well, I'll talk to my Congressperson in the morning." It was then I came to my decision. There was no doubt about it, Tony Padua was a homophobic son of a bitch. "Hey, Tony, don't worry about a thing. The fact that Thunder is over six feet tall doesn't mean a thing."

I could see the fear and doubt in his eyes. "What do you mean?"

I figured I'd get the knife in real deep. "And the fact that he has light brown hair and blue eyes doesn't really matter!"

"It doesn't?" His mouth was wide open.

"Tony, just listen and listen carefully. Okay?" He nodded. I let him have it right between the eyes as I dropped my bombshell. "Just remember, you've got to believe in the audience and not those *crooked* judges." I thought Tony's father was going to jump out of his skin.

"What in hell are you talking about?"

I gave him my most sincere look. "I just know the audience is going to fall in love with your son, Mr. Padua," I spoke quietly. "It's just a shame that the cards are stacked against the best build on the west coast."

I thought the old man was going to have a nervous breakdown on the spot. "I . . . ah . . . I . . . I . . .?"

"It's the judges, sir. It's a set-up!"

"You mean . . . Thunder Cole . . . it's . . .?"

I nodded my head slowly. "It's nothing personal, sir, it's just big business. Thunder Cole has already been signed for the use of his name on a new line of machine weightlifting equipment that will be in direct competition with Nautilus."

"Oh, shit!" Tony said as he grabbed at his salami.

"And this is just the first step," I continued to embroider on my lies. "Next will come the big national and international contests with Thunder winning them all. Right to the ultimate contest, Mr. Olympian . . . he is going all the way!"

There was a stunned silence. I had to admit my timing was absolutely perfect. The Master of Ceremonies announced Tony Padua as the next contestant. He was in such a daze that he didn't even move. His father had to shove him onstage. He tripped over his feet as he went out and skidded to center stage on his ass. It got a big laugh. I watched as he went through an uninspired routine. I knew that laughter in a contest like this was a real killer. Tony Padua had had it. He was not going to be Mr. Bay Area. I knew he wouldn't even place. He was through. It would be between Thunder Cole and me.

I didn't bother to pump up my body. I stood quietly in the wings, my eyes closed, breathing deeply, waiting patiently for the MC to announce my name. And then I was gliding onto

the stage, moving to the center, facing the audience. There was only a smattering of applause for the unknown George Misa. I listened for a moment . . . listened for their pulse beat. It was obvious that the vast majority had been to a hundred contests and most of them were slightly bored, waiting for their favorite to come forth. And wasn't the favorite Thunder Cole? I hit them with my first pose.

I don't think they were ready for it. It was a variation on a pose that Steve Reeves had done over twenty years before when he was first coming to the forefront, before he'd won Mr. America. But I knew it would be the variation that would awaken the audience.

One moment I was preparing for the ritual but what I did broke all the rules of bodybuilding contests. I leaped high and came down in my pose. It was a pantomime of a karate chop . . . frozen in time and space . . . right down to the look of vengeance . . . the look of anger on my face. Before they knew what hit them . . . while they were gasping with surprise I went into a convention double bicep pose. But now I was smiling . . . but the smile was different . . . it was a smile of triumph . . . of victory. I was saying, "You are looking at the most beautiful body you'll ever see." I waited and waited. Would my vibrations convince them?

It seemed like the silence of the audience would go on and on forever. It was so quiet you could hear a pin drop . . . no coughing . . . no shuffling of feet or rattle of programs. Then, very low at first and before long the audience was standing and screaming for more. I basked in their adulation and then I gave them another action pose, this time a side-ways one of my belting an opponent in the guts, showing off my triceps and my quadriceps and then quickly to my crab pose, holding it as they fell in love with my lats and delts. As the applause got wilder and wilder I could feel my dick harden. It was a grand and glorious feeling but I knew it was time to get off-stage before I shot off. I knew this was the time for me to be just a bit subtle. After all, I wouldn't want them to know they had just gone through the homosexual experience of their lives. Some of them might freak out behind it.

And then I was offstage still with their 'waves of love' pounding in my ears. As I headed for the john my eyes flicked over to Thunder Cole. He was biting down on his lip and scowling. I winked at him as I pushed at the door. "I guess they sort of liked me, huh?" I said deadpan. I didn't wait for his reaction.

I burst into the john so quickly that I caught the young man red handed. He was standing at a urinal with his legs spread wide, his eyes half closed, whacking away at his dong. He tried to push the stiff thing into his posing trunks as he turned away, the back of his neck beet red. As he tried to push past me without looking at me I put out my arm blocking his way. "Ah . . . what's the matter?"

I detected a note of fear in his voice, almost as if he expected to be arrested for beating his meat. "Nothing's the matter," I answered, as I eyed the stiff piece of meat in his posing trunks. "I watched you pose out there! You're really good!"

"Ah . . . you think so?"

"Sure thing," I answered, still looking at his crotch.

There was a moment of silence and then I saw the cocky smile on his face. He was damned good looking, a Tony Padua look alike. Short and stocky with thick legs and a big barrel chest with plenty of hair on it. I pulled down the thin posing trunks and a thick polish sausage flopped out. I could feel its heat before I even touched it. Then I was down on my knees and had his dick all the way down my throat. It tasted so good. I grabbed his heavily muscled ass just as his body jerked crazily and both his hands wrapped around my neck as he rammed his dick all the way down my throat as a choking sob burst from his throat. I could feel his hot sperm splash against the back of my throat and it tasted good . . . full of brewers yeast and dessicated liver . . . all good things. Quickly he started to jam it back into his posing trunks but I licked off the last dribble of healthy cum. "Hey, man, you don't want cum all over your posing trunks, now do you?"

"I . . . ah . . . guess not." He gave me a strange look.

I unlocked the door and as he scurried out I patted his beautiful, muscular ass.

Thunder Cole was in the same spot as when I'd gone to the john, waiting for the MC to call his name. The pressure was beginning to show. He was biting his fingernails. When he saw



me looking he quickly hid his hand behind his back. I moved toward him. I held out my hand. He gave me a strange look. "Good luck, Thunder," I said evenly.

"Ah . . . you mean after what I did to you . . . you don't have any hard feelings?"

"Why should I have any hard feelings?" I laughed. "Hell, Tanman was one of the best fucks I've ever had in my life."

"Yeah, but . . . ah . . . you know . . ."

"It was fun running naked down the street . . . the air felt great on my balls and ass. You should try it sometime."

"Ah . . . yeah . . . that's a good idea."

I looked Thunder over. I had to admit he looked great. I remembered my first impression of Thunder Cole . . . when he'd come into the Killer McKenna Gym. What had impressed me most was his supreme confidence. Yeah, he was the kind of a guy where the sun followed him . . . even on a rainy day. Even his light brown hair had a gloss to it, as if he were in . . . sunlight. Even though he'd created a sensation with my unusual posing routine I knew that Thunder Cole was still the odds on favorite to win the title. I might beat out Tony Padua. It was then I saw the pimple near his navel. Actually, it was about an inch beneath it. "Ah . . . what's that, Thunder?"

Thunder didn't look down but his hand moved quickly in front of his stomach, hiding it from me. "It's ah . . . just a little ah . . . pimple."

"Yeah, but you're such a perfect specimen," I said with a straight face. "I could see it on some other dude, but you everything is so right . . . that pimple could spoil everything!"

He was biting his fingernails again. "What the fuck can I do about it . . . I tried to cover it with pancake make-up . . . but it won't hide . . . it just won't!"

"Ah . . . let me think!" I paused for dramatic effect. "Well, for one thing the posing trunks you're wearing are all wrong!"

"What makes you say that?"

"Well . . . they're like a postage stamp . . . they give you that . . . ah . . . you know . . ."

"You mean faggy look?"

Well, I wouldn't actually say faggy but . . .

"They do, don't they?"

No, not really," I could tell it was working. He was biting his nails like crazy. "But you could kill two birds with one stone."

"What do you mean?"

"Hell, I've got an extra pair of posing trunks in my locker. I can come over and borrow some or they'll take away that an look and they'll also hide that ugly pimple!"

"You mean you'd lend them to me?"

"Hell yes. Anything for a buddy."

I couldn't believe he was falling for it hook line and sinker. Posing trunks he was wearing were perfect for his body, but Thunder Cole had a 'thing' about pimples. It was only a minute before Thunder was wearing my extra pair of posing trunks. They were all wrong for Thunder . . . wrong color, wrong cut . . . everything. They didn't even hide the pimple. "Hey, they don't even hide this pimple and . . ." Thunder finally got suspicious.

"They don't, do they?" I giggled.

On stage the Master of Ceremonies was speaking. "And now, ladies and gentlemen, the young man who won Mr. Northwest California, the young man who won the most muscular chest in last year's Mr. Bay Area Contest, the young man who may very well be the next Arnold Schwarzenegger . . . the incomparable . . . Thunder Cole!"

"Give them back, you son of a bitch!"

I held his posing trunks behind my back. Thunder grabbed me and wrestled me to the floor. He finally got his hands on the posing trunks. There was a rip and that was the end of them. As I stood up I smiled. "Good luck, Thunder!"

The Master of Ceremonies was looking in our direction. He cleared his throat nervously. "The young man who may very well be the next Arnold Schwarzenegger . . . the incomparable . . . Thunder Cole!"

Thunder Cole stood for a moment undecided. He looked like he was about ready to cry. He finally went onstage. I don't know if he was aware of it or not but he was biting his nails. I didn't bother to watch. I knew it was all over but the shouting for lack of shouting. Listening to the audience confirmed my conviction that Thunder Cole was blowing it. There was a smattering of applause when Thunder finished his routine. And then we waited for a few minutes as the MC

conferred with the judges and then came the announcement that there would be a pose off between Thunder Cole, Tony Padua and me.

When I walked on stage I knew. The audience stood up and cheered and it was obvious that if the judges gave the title to either Thunder or Tony they'd tear the auditorium apart. All through the pose off I watched Thunder's face get whiter and whiter and that was my sweet revenge.

There was another conference among the judges and then the announcement from the Master of Ceremonies. "Third place, Thunder Cole. Second place, Tony Padua. The new Mr. Bay Area for 1979, George Misa!"

It was all over. I had won. And yet there was just one thing on my mind . . . one person. Where in hell was Killer? My eyes searched the audience . . . no Killer. And now, all the people gathered around me congratulating me on my new title, on my victory but it was like ashes in my mouth. Where was he? I finally spotted Rip Powell in the audience. When he was finally able to push his way through he gave me a bear hug. "You're the greatest!"

"Where in hell is Killer?"

"Oh, ah . . . I . . . ah . . ."

I could tell he knew. "Tell me the truth, Rip!"

"He went to the middleweight fight."

I was stunned. "You're kidding?"

"You wanted to know . . . so I told you!"

Did he say when he'd get home to the gym?" My mouth was dry.

An . . . said he was going to the opening of the new Disco in Sausalito."

I couldn't help myself. Right on the stage I burst into tears. "I . . . I . . . just . . . I gotta get outa here . . . I . . ."

The gym was a desolate, lonely place. I stared absently at some of the new shiny Natalus equipment that Killer was able to buy because of membership I'd sold. If it hadn't been for me this gym would still be bankrupt or maybe a warehouse. And I'd done it all for Killer McKenna. And I knew this was the end. How much could I take? I knew there was no way I could continue to live at the Killer McKenna Gym. I specially after he'd promised me he'd spend a whole night with me if I won the Mr. Bay Area Contest. He was a son of a bitchin' prick asshole. Sure, I may be a masochist but this was ridiculous.

As I walked to the locker room to pack the few things I possessed I couldn't help thinking of all the fantasies . . . all the dreams I'd had of this night . . . this night of love and sex with Killer . . . just the two of us . . . together . . . Wow! Even now the thought of it gave me a rock hard on.

I banged the locker shut. A couple of T-shirts, posing trunks, a jock strap and my shaving equipment . . . that was it. It took me about a minute to put them in the overnight bag and then I was at the door of the gym proper. I stood motionless, staring. My mouth fell open. For a second I thought I was going to pass out. Was I hallucinating? I closed my eyes and then opened them. Killer McKenna! Yes, it was him, in the flesh, working out, looking exactly the way he'd looked the first time I saw him. He was wearing the same sweat pants and no top just like the first time. I stared as he pressed three hundred pounds over his head. I couldn't tear my eyes away from his powerful pectoral muscles, monster hills covered with silky black hair. My eyes followed the blue-green vein that pulsed down across his stomach and disappeared into his sweat pants, down through his black pubic hair and into the fat eleven inch uncut dick.

Deliberately Killer dropped the weight onto the floor of the gym. The building shook. He reached for the string on his sweat pants and pulled. They fell silently to the floor, revealing his incredibly muscled legs. He was down to his jock strap. I knew it was the same one I'd smeled so many months before when I'd wrapped it around my head and jerked off and Killer had caught me. Yes, all the memories . . .

Finally Killer looked at me with his baby blues. He reached down with both hands, grabbing the pouch of the jock strap. "Well, Georgie, you earned it. It's your night!"

The gym tilted crazily. I had to struggle to stop from passing out. But I knew there was no way I wasn't going to enjoy every microsecond with my master . . . with the great fucking machine Killer McKenna. Getting down on my knees in front of my master I pulled at the jock strap.

FINAL CHAPTER NEXT ISSUE

**CRUSTY
COCKRING
COMICS
PRESENTS**

HARRY CHESS®

**BY
A. JAY**

**PART 3 OF THE
DAREDEVIL
DOLL CAPER**

OK MEN.. FASTEN YOUR BUTT PLUGS.. IT'S GOING TO BE A BUMPY RIDE! OUR TEMPESTUOUS TALE OF TORTURE AND TACKY THINGS HAS TAKEN ON A TAWDRY TWIST.

AT FUGG CENTRAL, HARRY, MICKEY MUSCLE, AND RANCID AGNEW WERE TOLD BY BIG F, FUGG HONCHO, THAT ONE OF THEIR TOP OPERATIVES, AMYLL ARMPITS ("B.O." TO HIS CHUMS), HAD BEEN IMPLANTED WITH A TINY TRANS-MEATER IN THE HEAD OF HIS COCK JUST BEFORE HIS STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE IN THE JUNGLES OF BAHIA, MEXICO! JUST THEN, A BREATHLESS MESSAGE WAS FLASHED OVER A SECRET FUGG FREQUENCY FROM B.O. —WHO FRANTICALLY RELAYED WORD HE WAS BEING HELD CAPTIVE IN A GYM AT VENICE, CA. BY NONE OTHER THAN LEWD LEATHER —HARRY'S OL' NEMESIS. THEN... SUDDENLY... AS OUR FUGG TEAM GASPED — B.O.'S TRANSMISSION WENT DEAD!!! AS WE TUNE IN — LEWD'S NEPHEWS STANK AND DANK, ARE DRAGGING THE SQUIRMING, SWEATING B.O. DOWN TO A LABORATORY IN THE MOIST BOWELS OF THE GYM.

BE CAREFUL, YOU FUCKIN' MEATHEAD... I DON'T WANT ANY OF HIS EQUIPMENT DAMAGED!

RELAX UNCLE... THAT

HEAVY OVERHANG OF HIS WILL STRETCH FROM HERE TO SANTA MONICA!



MOVE IT FASTER
COCKSUCKER!

OK BOYS... STRING
HIM UP WHILE
I GET THE SPECIAL
TOYS READY!



THIS POLISH PROSTRATE PUMPER
WITH AN ATTACHED ANAL VIBRATING

EGG WILL KEEP
HIS TEN INCHES
STIFF WHILE
HE'S SUBMERGED!



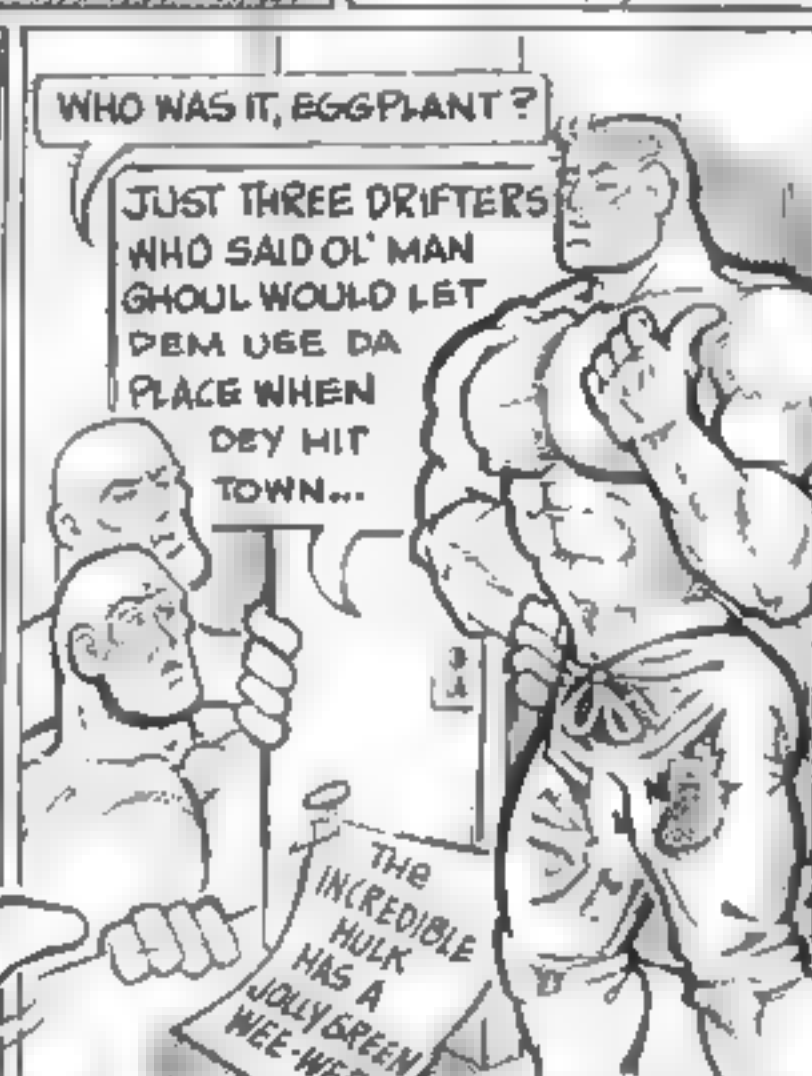
START WORKING
THOSE FUCKING
LEGS APART, MAN
WHILE I SHOVE
THIS UP YOUR TIGHT
SHIT TUBE!

THIS MUSCLE-RELAXER
SHOULD LET YOUR ASS
STRETCH REAL WIDE...
MR ARMPITS... SLURP!



LOOK AT THAT
STINKIN' HARD-ON
GROW!!

UNTIE HIM
AND DRAG HIS
HOT BOD TO
THE TUB!



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ASTROLOGIC

PISCES S: (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Romance your Piscean Slave with a candlelight Valentine's supper with champagne served to him out of your boot. Remember though that it reflects upon you whether it is imported or domestic (the *boot*, that is).

PISCES M: Being a water sign you'd probably get off drinking anything out of your Master's boot, from piss to Perrier.

ARIES S: (Mar. 21-Apr. 19)—Under the sign of the ram, prove what a real he-man you are. Get jock itch and flaunt it at your next orgy.

ARIES M: Force your Master to contaminate you... remember V.D. also means Valentine's Day.

TAURUS S: (Apr. 20-May 20)—For the Master born under the Bull what better gift for a sweet slave than a heartfelt horse-whipping with a bullwhip.

TAURUS M: Surprise your Master during sex this Valentine's Day instead of a hard-on, have a heart attack. (Mild, of course, unless you're into the heavy stuff.)

GEMINI S: (May 21-June 21): Tattoo red lips around the opening in the head of your cock and when your slave does water sports with you, he won't be sure if you're kissin' or pissin'.

GEMINI M: Get a cute little red heart tattooed on your ass so you can put your heart where your hole is.

CANCER S: (June 22-July 21)—A nice expression of your affection, typical of the thoughtful Moon Child Sadist, would be to send your favorite M's a box of chocolates... recycled, of course.

CANCER M: Expect a Whitman's Sampler soon. Or a Robert's sampler, or John's, or Irving's, or Mario's, or whatever-the-hell your Master's name is.

LEO S: (July 22-Aug. 21)—Is the demand of being a Sadist at the constant beck-and-call of every pain-seeking M beginning to wear you out? Join a gym for new stamina or call in a part-time S&M Kelly girl.

LEO M: Is masochism becoming a pain in the ass for you? If so, someone must be doing something right.

VIRGO S: (Aug. 22-Sept. 22)—This, the second month of the new year should be proving a successful one for you by now. Are you finding more and more M's attracted to you? Start a large harem and make a fortune dealing in White Slavery.

VIRGO M: You'll find your fortune crawling under doors of pay toilets, picking up coins which fall out of men's pants.

LIBRA S: (Sept. 23-Oct. 22)—For the party-loving Libra, why not throw your very own St. Valentine's Day massacre. After all, not everyone's into hearts and flowers.

LIBRA M: Did you know that St. Valentine was a martyr? Now, doesn't that give you a real rush?

SCORPIO S: (Oct. 23-Nov. 21)—Buy candy and nuts from the Campfire Girls. Send the candy to your favorite slave and the nuts to Billy Carter.

SCORPIO M: Give your own nuts to somebody.

SAGITTARIUS S: (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—With your flair for that "something different," think about sending your slave a Valentine card-cum-letter bomb. Make the verse sweet but short.

SAGITTARIUS M: Better enroll into Evelyn Wood's speed-reading course before Feb. 14.

CAPRICORN S: (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)—Feed your feelings of superiority. Remind your slave that he is just garbage by putting him out on the street every week on trash pick-up day.

CAPRICORN M: Practice napping in a trash compactor.

AQUARIUS S: (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If your slave has a hairy crotch, shave it into the shape of a heart. Now when he gets a hard-on, isn't it funny how much it resembles an antherium?

AQUARIUS M: Add a note of realism to your pubic hair heart... dye it red with henna rinse. Or, for the true M, try Red-Dye #2.

by Aristide

PISCES

FEB. 19-MAR. 20

DRAWING BY ADAM



S&M: THE LAST TABOO

Frank Cross, a 51-year-old former priest and proficient S/M Top, demonstrates his homemade trapeze, a wondrously wicked device for securing a Bottom to tit clamps. The clamps attach to ropes. The ropes go along a pulley, and on the other side of the pulley are knots in the rope for hanging lead fishing weights. "If he's a heavy Bottom," Cross says, "you can increase the weights to increase the pull on his tits."

HIGH PRIEST

Cross, who wears leathers and sunglasses like they were papal vestments, pulls out a large leather hide. An admitted fetishist, Cross adores black leather. He speaks of its "bouquet" and handles it with the awe and respect one associates with fine wine.

Cross moves to the subject of flagellation, speaking in rhythmic, ritualistic tones. "You're possessing the Bottom's mind, his body, his sensitivity," he says. "You're whipping out every sense of reality except pain. Pain . . . your brain . . . pain. Pain. You get his full attention."

"I love this man!" a woman shouts out.

Cross smiles, just slightly. He respects adoration from the Bottoms.

SHOW AND TELL

It's Show-and-Tell at a Society of Janus meeting, and the motley San Francisco crowd, sardined into a small room above a Market Street bar, gobbles up Cross' bits of S/M lore like manna from heaven. Cross was, after all, once a priest; and once a priest, always a priest. Now, the Society of Janus is his parish.

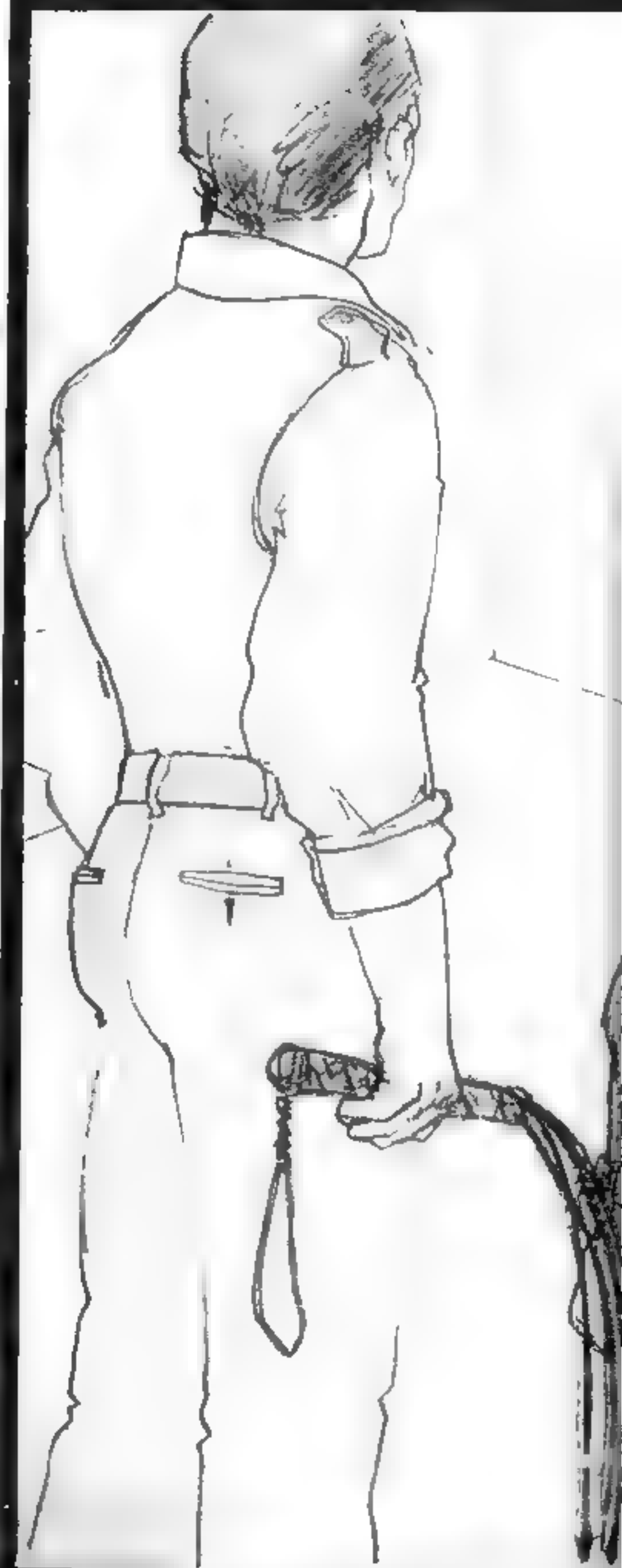
Cynthia Slater, an earth-woman in her hot 30's, wearing stiletto-heeled boots and spurs, takes the floor moments later, demonstrating particulars on her human bridle. Slater shoves the bit into her Bottom's mouth, straddles her, and picks up the braided reins that extend back from the headpiece. Slater yanks on it expertly. "Some people," she cautions, "have sensitive gag reflexes."

The litany moves along to thumbcuffs, more whips and cats, ideas on shaving a partner's genitals prior to splashing hot candle wax. (Never use beeswax. It burns for real, not ritual!) When handcuffs get locked, we're told, don't panic. Call the San Francisco Fire Department. "In this town," Slater says, "they don't even bat an eye."

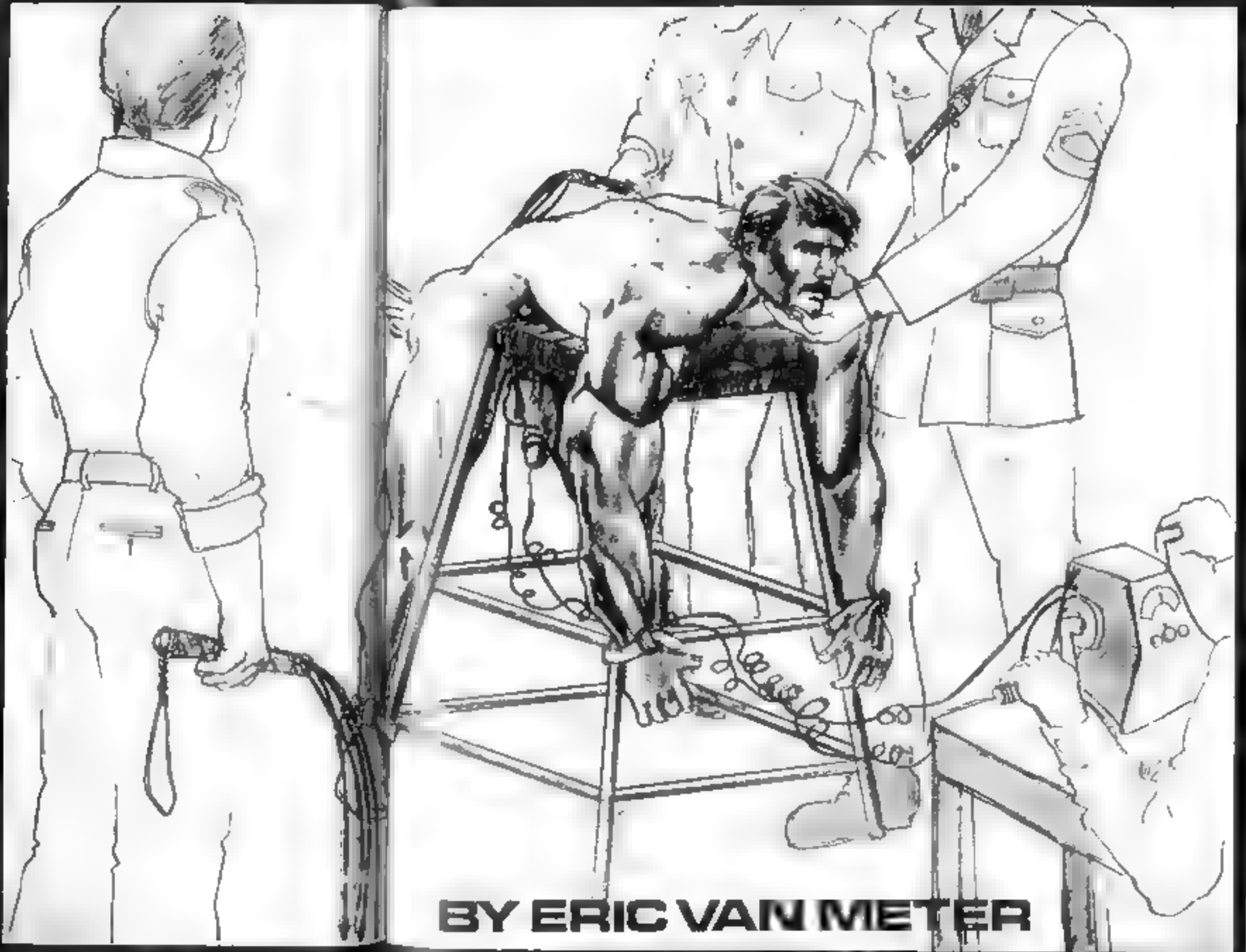
In all, 16 "toys" that Mattel never heard of are discussed. What one person doesn't know about the most sensual refinement of a device, another provides.

THE JA

DRAWINGS BY L.A. CAVELO



THE JANUS SOCIETY



BY ERIC VAN METER

"Grease up the end of the flange for whipping," Slater says. "It makes a greater sting without any mark."

Cross smiles his benediction at her wisdom. If he is the priest, she is the priestess.

Janus members know the best saddle-and-tack shops in the Bay Area, the friendliest leather gear outlet, the finest surgical supply store. You might say what the Juilliard School is to music education, Janus is to S/M.

EDUCATION BREEDS SAFEPLAY

All information, by Janus policy, aims at safety tips and precautions. Toys aren't capriciously brought in and creamed over, but rather discussed reasonably and practically. The erotic element is primary. "We try to tell people to never play over their heads or beyond their skills," Cross explains. "You can achieve an S/M high without crucifying people."

The meeting charges on with good-humored, even playful camaraderie. These folks are all friends.

"Sensuality," Cross says, no note of preachment in his voice, "is the name of the game."

"Mutuality," Slater adds. The lady knows pleasure in private, and guest-lectures in human sexuality at college symposiums.

A surge of applause endorses the sentiments.

Nobody's here to score. Not officially, anyway. The assortment of men and women, gay and straight and bi, Tops and Bottoms and Negotiables, come not to orgy or to swap, but to share information. Janus was formed, according to the group's literature, "to exchange insights and to learn more about S/M in an accepting social atmosphere."

And it's working.

GROUP PURPOSE

Janus is the only group of its kind in the United States, rivaled only by the older Til Eulenspiegel group in New York. Til also features rap and consciousness-raising sessions. Aside from the Show-and-Tell described above, Janus schedules programs like "Bondage Workshop," "Ask the Doctor," "The Gentle Art of Flagellation," and "Playroom Tours." Interested in an S/M speaker's bureau? Call Janus for a good time. A monthly bulletin with consumer reports, occasional S/M book and film reviews, as well as social events like a Halloween party are included in the membership package.

Janus has roughly (no pun intended) 50 members, and has recently branched into a women's S/M group named *Cardia*, and a Lesbian offshoot, *Samois*. Janus maintains a plurality of gay men. (Home-base is, after all, SFO.) A membership survey last year determined that 20% in the group are clearly-defined Tops, 55 to 60% are exclusively Bottoms, and the rest are Negotiables.

YOU'RE A JET ALL THE WAY

I ask Slater what motivates a person to join Janus. "First, a chance to share information and learn more," she answers.

"Second, a chance to meet partners. And third, a chance to be in a supportive, validating environment. Like when you first find out you're gay, you're afraid you're the only one in the whole world."

Slater, who started Janus three years ago, frequently lectures on the group's behalf. She identifies herself as a bisexual-Negotiable basically into sensual bondage. She sprinkles her talk with pop psych vocab. "Validating" comes up a lot. The "OK-ness" of being a Top or a Bottom. Slater stops well this side of est. What she says is intelligent, eye-opening, and well-reasoned.

Slater moved to San Francisco in 1971, and began actualizing her S/M fantasies. She and her male lover had problems making trips and toys click in scenes because of their lack of information. "You can't go to the library and check out a book on *How to Safely Tie up Your Partner*," she says.

The groups they found by reading *Berkeley Barb* ads were mostly swing-swap-n-clap clubs. Commercial. Heterosexual. Very much "I'll kiss-off my wife for yours." The women were traded around like fuckable commodities on the New York Stock Exchange.

At the same time, Slater tired of her non-S/M friends whose "heavy vicarious curiosity" became a judgmental mind fuck. "They never really shared themselves other than judgmentally saying, 'I'm not into that.' At the same time they'd be squirming on the edge of their seat and clenching their wet thighs. I felt ripped off. Even psycho-sexually molested."

Slater never minces.

Finally, she and her lover decided that in order to meet other S/M people, without the bullshit of the existing clubs, they'd have to start their own organization. It was August 1975. Their first move was a newsletter, advertised in the *Barb*, listing the monthly meetings at Cynthia's house. In those early days — before gay men started joining — a lot of heterosexual men persisted in "dogging the women," Slater says. "That was the only reason they came."

NO PRESSURE PUNKING

Today, there's a firm Janus rule regarding *pressure*. If someone asks for a date, gets turned down twice, he or she must drop it. "Anyone looking for a hot conquest," Cross said, "or for a bunch of men stalking and menacing each other, won't find it here."

CROSS PURPOSES?

The focus of Janus has also changed in those three years. Whereas information and support were the steady diet before, now there's a kind of cross-communication between Tops and Bottoms as well. "We try to get both sides to be more tolerant of each other," Cross says. "So many times a Bottom lets the Top take over completely, thinking he's done everything he needs to do just by presenting himself. Big deal! He expects the Top to be his animated dildo." Cross strokes his heavy leather. "On the other hand," he says, "Bottoms complain that Tops lack patience. They keep saying the

Tops need to go to school."

"The real coup," Cross says, is "getting away from inflicting your fantasy on someone else. Both need to recognize the need for mutual turn-on, mutual susceptibility. Sharing. I found I have a built-in breaker-circuit. Unless my Bottom is enjoying, I don't want to play."

JANUARY: TWO FACES

The name *Janus* comes from the twin-faced Roman god of doorways, symbolizing beginnings and endings. To quote Janus literature: "Some of us believe that the intertwined drives toward dominance and submission are common to all humankind . . . that expressed creatively, S/M can develop an exquisite and beautiful *trust*."

Trust is the operative word.

Slater corroborates: "The more I've gotten in touch with my S/M fantasies," she says, "the stronger a human being I've become. Even a bit of a humanist."

Fantasies. Myths. Guilt. What S/M person ever had a smooth coming-out? Cynthia is articulate and moving on this subject. Perhaps she's used the spie in her lectures. No matter. With Slater, practice makes perfect.

"Anyone who's a member of a sexual minority in this country," she says, "no matter how much work they've done in their head or how much external support they get, *always* carries a remnant of the crap that society has laid on them. You never get 100% clear of it. I have my moments when someone looks at me funny, and it pushes those buttons for me. But I can deal with it now because I have something that balances it out. I can walk into a Janus meeting and be surrounded by great people who validate me."

SOME CRAP NEVER DIES

The *crap* she recalls lives right now, alive and sick, within the uptight, vanilla-gay, kissy-face gay community. Feminist circles, like queenly circles, go down in a nosedive of fear, resentment of, and downright *attitude* toward S/M.

A tremendous amount of flak rained down on the Janus Society when they applied to the 1978 Gay Freedom Day Committee for float privileges. Janus was finally begrudged a space. When they paraded that day on Market Street (with a placard saying "A woman's right to choice is absolute"), the howls could've been heard in San Jose. Middle-class gay pressure groups ultimately caused the parade committee to say, "We're sorry we let you in." It now looks as though Janus won't be marching at 1979's Gay Freedom Parade. Ain't we all just brothers and sisters? Fuck! If Anita don't getcha, some unliberated faggot will!

S/M COMING OUT

Women probably have the toughest time coming out as an S/M person. Even in "soft" or "vanilla" sex, society's heavy thou-shalt-not hand tells them to be less exploratory and adventuresome than men. "If you want to come out to men," Slater says, "you'll find a lot of



men equate being a Bottom with the traditional woman's role in the home. They show the same insensitivity that exists in daily life, so that playing with them can't be mutually satisfying. If you're a woman coming out as a Top, it's awfully scary to be a maitresse to an American male considering the lack of permission women are given to be assertive and initiatory."

"Coming out to gay women," Slater continues, "you can expect to be trashed. I've been verbally attacked and abused in ways that utterly appalled me by my so-called sisters."

Pat Califia, 24, one of the coordinators of Janus, says the anti-S/M mentality is typified by Women Against Violence in Pornography and Media. The WAVPM is a righteous, indignant, erotophobic group that made news by getting the Rolling Stones' *Black and Blue* billboard (depicting a bruised and bound woman) removed from the Sunset Strip.

"Spanking, bondage, torture, and murder are lumped together in their minds," Califia says. "They want to ban pictorial sex altogether." She sees the group as reactionary and one that plays directly into the hands of neo-right anti-gay and anti-porn groups. Instead of attacking S/M people and the erotic art industry, she feels WAVPM should focus its tight little vaginal wrath on ineffective rape laws and police enforcement.

Califia, who grew up as Patricia Hardman before taking her name from the Amazon figure that appears in the California State Seal, is also incensed by WAVPM because of its bigotry toward gay men. "If there's any group in our society that's supportive of sensual sexuality, it's gay men. It also infuriates me to see one minority dump on another; it's like watching lobsters fight in a bucket."

Califia seems to have her head right on.

"The greater number of Lesbians think sex is nasty unless it's with someone you want to spend your life with," Califia says. "I like to play in public. I'm exhibitionistic. But there's no way I could march into a dyke bar and drag out a hot woman in handcuffs. They'd be up in arms."

Califia has two lovers (one Top and one Bottom), a budding career as a writer of women's erotica, and an insatiable desire to transfer the privilege and power of male S/M into her own life. She has the distinction of being the first woman to violate the all-male sanctum of the *Black and Blue*, a popular San Francisco leather bar. The bouncer refused her admittance, but she brazenly marched past, dragging two women with her.

**"DRUMMER, BECAUSE
OF ITS KINKY
AUTHENTICITY, IS
BECOMING A SOLID
FAVORITE AMONG
KINKY STRAIGHTS AS
WELL AS AMONG
KINKY GAYS. AND
THAT'S SOMETHING!"**

C. SLATER

Pain. Torture. Should one believe the famous Richard Goldstein piece on "Flirting with Terminal Sex" in the *Village Voice* three years ago? Goldstein suggested that the S/M aficionado ultimately loses control, finding his passion spiraling into realms of the senses he never dreamed of entering — like death.

The Goldstein piece used words like "Satanic." It equated S/M with Nazism.

Cross, who hated that piece, insists S/M is not a progressive thing. "You don't go from dressing up in uniforms, to bondage, to pain, to torture, to blood. No. As I've observed it, people have their own functioning level, and as long as they're comfortable they usually remain at that level."

"Most of the men were amused and titillated," Califia says. "When I hand

cuffed both the women, threw them up against the wall and did a number on them, the only one who got blown away was some guy in a jockstrap and dog collar who kept saying, 'Is *nothing* sacred?'"

Frank Cross whom I interviewed in his home, afforded me a tour of his totally maxed playroom and water sports den. Cross is also concerned with dispelling myths. Demystification. "Phil Andros (legendary erotic writer for *DRUMMER* and other publications) is always quoting to me a major psychiatric researcher who says the main interest in S/M lasts 7 years and then burns out," Cross says. "I've been in it 15 years, and I'm probably better, more accomplished and patient than ever. One of the nice things about S/M is that it's not ageist, like so much of the homosexual culture. Leather and S/M can add a whole additional decade to a man's active sex life if he understands it and uses it properly."

Goldstein also isolated fist fucking as the pinnacle excess of S/M, an "apocryphal gesture." Cross argues that, though FF and S/M occasionally intersect, most fisting doesn't carry an S/M element. "It's purely sensual; it doesn't have that exchange of domination and sub-mission. It's more of a direct trust exchange."

Overcoming the kind of incorrect and malicious information in the Goldstein piece is one of the Society of Janus objectives. The introductory Janus pamphlet defines S/M as "an exchange of power between two or more mutually consenting persons." Nothing more.

S/M does not necessarily involve leather or rubber, the literature says, or pain, or even sex. It is "by definition consensual . . . (and) therefore antithetical to rape, violence, and murder." Take that, you WAVPM ladies!

Is Janus working?

Cynthia Slater replies: "I see us making progress. We've gotten some very good press from non-S/M magazines. I see changes in the professional world. When I started knocking on doors at institutions like San Francisco Sex Information and the University of California, I said, 'You're the frontrunner in the human sexuality field. You're taking the most humanistic view of sexuality ever. What are you doing about S/M?' They all said, 'Nothing. We don't know anything or anyone who's qualified. Will you help us?' So now it's part of their program." Slater smiles through opalescent skin and lights up an Eve. "Across the country, there are *some* people in the counseling and helping professions who don't follow the old approach of 'curing perversion' when they encounter an S/M-identified person. Perhaps most important are the changes in S/M people. It's just my instinct that Janus has something to do with it," Cynthia Slater says. "but I think people feel better about themselves because Janus is there."

"Yeah," says Cross. "You can see it from the way they walk when they're out in leather."

For more information on the Janus Society, write to: Box 6794, San Francisco, CA 94101.



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PART ONE OF

PRISON PUNK

By Frank O'Rourke

BOOK
SECTION

DRAWINGS BY A.JAY

The night before I had gotten my cell change slip and my work assignment notification. One said, "One Cellhouse, Cell No. 260," the other was just as brief, "Cellhouse Clothing Room."

For the past two weeks I had been in the cell by myself. It was quarantine after I got here from the Reception-Guidance Center in Chino where I had spent the last six weeks after being sent there from the Los Angeles County Jail. Because I had tried to escape from Chino they had sent me here to Folsom. I had heard this was the toughest joint in the state and I was scared shitless.

I whiled away my time for the past two weeks reading paperbacks and playing with my cock. The pig motherfuckers had taken everything away from me when I was arrested but at least they couldn't take my cock and balls. If there had been any truth to the old wife's tale, I would now be a blitherin' idiot after whacking off so much these past weeks. I grabbed at my semi-hard on. I sure hated wearing shorts, but I was told if I was caught without them, it could be a hole beef.

Packing my few belongings on a pillowcase, I worked out about my future in the joint. Since I had been in quarantine, I had received propositions and notes from studs who wanted to fuck around, but I turned them down without getting anybody pissed off at me. Guys had offered me cigarettes and canteen, but I knew that if I accepted any presents I'd committed myself.

I didn't have a mirror, but I knew I was goodlooking enough and my being 20 years of age made me attractive to most men . . . and, yes, women. I stood five feet ten inches in my bare feet and weighed 160 stripped naked. Since I was a kid, I worked out every day. Unlike a lot of guys who worked out for bulk, I was only interested in muscle tone and I concentrated on my entire body. Since I'd been locked up I did calisthenics every day. I was proud of my nine-inch cock with its large cut head. Maybe, I should find myself some faggot or jail punk. Naw, they're too much fucking trouble!

"Jim West, let's go," a voice hollered at the end of the tier as the bar released the already unlocked door.

Quickly, I grabbed my pillowcase and headed out the door. The guard told me to leave Two cellhouse, pass through No. 5 into the main yard and go over to No. 1.

As I traversed the yard, I could feel guys eyeing me, but I looked straight ahead, ignoring them. Eat your hearts out, bastards, I thought.

At the entrance gate to No. 1 cellhouse, the guard unlocked the massive steel gate. "Report to the cellhouse sergeant inside the cellhouse."

The small office inside of the doorway had a sergeant, guard, and a prisoner-clerk. They watched me approach the half-open Dutch door.

I gave the young guard the two slips of paper. Glancing at them, he handed them to a middle-aged, grizzled sergeant. "This is the new fish," he remarked.

"O.K., show him where his cell is."

"Sir, this is the inmate I was talking to you about."

I felt like a piece of meat that was being exhibited. What the hell was going on?

"Forget it, Long. I told you the custody office makes these decisions."

Unwilling to let go, the guard asked me, "How old are you?"

I still couldn't figure what this was all about. "Twenty," I murmured.

"Unhunh," he crowed triumphantly. "I told you, Lambert's 28. You know we can't put anybody in with someone who's more than four years older."

I decided to let them battle it out. I was beginning to wonder if there was such a rule, then why was I being put in with this Lambert guy. The inmate clerk smiled at me, but I ignored him because I spotted him right away as a flaming faggot.

"You want to argue the point, go and see the watch lieutenant."

I could see that the guard was not willing to do this. "Come on," the young guard said as he came out of the office.

We walked up the center staircase to the second tier and down the long gallery to a cell near the end. Everyone must be at work because we didn't see anyone. The cell door of 260 was wide open. Before I could enter the cell, Long turned to me. "Look, West, if you have any kind of hassle with Lam-

bert, you let me know and I'll bury him under the hole." He eased past me and stormed down the tier.

I was quickly getting the impression that this Lambert was some sort of trouble and that the guard, Long, didn't like him. When I entered the cell, I could see that the lower bunk was empty which surprised me since I had learned enough in the joint to know that the new man in the cell always got the top bunk. I wondered if this Lambert hadn't had a chance to move his mattress to the bottom one.

Sensing someone standing in the doorway, I turned and found a mean looking dude leaning against the bars. He was six feet tall with a shock of black hair and a wide moustache. His brown eyes were obviously assessing me. The blue shirt was open, revealing a broad chest which surmounted a tight, well-defined stomach. The narrow waist was cinched by a wide leather belt. The levis hugged monstrous thighs and a large basket protruded from the pants.

"Hi," I said in a hoarse nervous voice. He merely nodded in return. I felt as if I was being raped by his eyes as he surveyed me. Was this sullen, taciturn guy, Lambert?

Taking my few toiletries from the pillowslip, I arranged them on the top shelf. I figured that I had to take the bull by the horns. "Are you my cellie?"

"Yeah." The voice was deep, causing a tingling sensation.

"Do you want me to move your mattress to the bottom bunk?"

"No, leave it where it is." With those words he turned on his heels and walked off. I sensed something there and I wondered if I was going to have trouble with Lambert. Well, I thought, I can always get a cell change.

I spent the rest of the day getting settled in. The cellhouse sergeant told me that I would start working during shower time after supper.

Just before lockup and count, Lambert came back to the cell. He just dropped down on his bunk without saying a word and put on his radio earphones. I stretched out on the bunk for a few minutes when the count bell rang.

Lambert jumped off of his bunk and joined me at the doorway, waiting for the guard to come by. I was very aware of him next to me, even though our bodies didn't touch. There was an almost overpowering masculinity about him. I thought about his very promising crotch, but I was determined not to fall into the pit of a homosexual affair. In the past I had had my cock sucked while in high school by other guys who were turned on to me, but I figured that lifting weights and playing ball would use up a lot of energy.

Returning from supper, I passed Lambert standing near the head of the stairs, talking to another guy. I went down the gallery to our cell.

I found a blanket hanging over the door and the front of the cell. I hesitantly pushed the blanket aside to peer into the cell. A guy behind me gave me a shove and hands grabbed me from within the cell. I was so surprised that I was unable to react. Another hand shoved a pair of dirty socks into my mouth while my shirt was torn off of my back. Other hands released my belt buckle while my shoes were pulled off and I found myself hanging in midair from the many hands grappling with me.

I was tossed on my stomach atop my bunk as my levis were torn from my body. My shorts disintegrated and I found myself with my face buried in the pillow. Something cold was spread between the cheeks of my ass while a stubby finger probed my hole with the same stuff. Oh God, I thought, I'm going to get fucked. I struggled with almost maniacal strength against the hands which held me, but there were too many of them.

"Hold him steady," a voice growled.

A blow smashed into the side of my head, almost knocking me out. The springs of the bed gave between my legs. I felt a cramp from my legs being held so far apart. The blunt head of a cock was probing at my cherry hole. I tightened the muscles in my ass to prevent the entry.

"Loosen up, you dumb shit, or I'll really tear your ass up." Someone reached under me and grabbed my balls and squeezed them. The pain shot up my groin and I felt tears behind my eyes.

With an effort I loosened the sphincter, but the muscles refused to cooperate. The combination of pressure and grease were working against me. I felt the head pressing into the hole. I let out a muffled scream as the shaft drove straight into the

GRABBING MY COCK HE CRUELY TWISTED IT, CAUSING TEARS TO COME TO MY EYES.
"YOUR FIRST LESSON, BOY. WHENEVER YOU TALK TO ME, YOU CALL ME MASTER OR SIR."
RELEASING MY COCK, HE GRABBED MY BALLS AND ROTATED THEM FORCEFULLY.
"UNDERSTAND?"

hole without pausing until I could feel the guy's balls smack against my ass. I thought that I would go insane from the pain. The pillow was snatched from under my head and shoved over my head to further squelch the squeals. In three long strokes the guy dumped his load of come into my ass.

He was followed by a guy with what I felt was a short, thin cock. A couple of times his cock slipped out and he jabbed it back in. Actually, the smaller cock was more painful and I could only pray that he would bust his nuts quickly. Eventually, after what I felt was a lifetime, the son of a bitch emptied himself into me.

Enough, my brain screamed! It was not to be so. The next stud penetrated me easily since my hole was well-lubricated from the other guys. I knew now that this was the biggest cock and with almost an air of contempt for me, he plunged into me violently and the force of his thrusts was causing my body to move up the bunk. The pain had eased off and I began to enjoy the sensation of the cock which was raping me. The guy reached under me and began to pinch and twist my tits, the pain seemed to heighten the experience. I no longer fought against the hands that were holding me. In fact, without thinking, I found myself raising my hips to meet the savage thrusts. The pace quickened and I found myself wanting everything he had to give me.

Other than the strained breathing of the men in the cell, there was no real sound excepting the barely audible creaking of the bed springs. "Hurry it up, man, it's almost count time."

"Aaagh," the guy screwing me groaned as he added his contribution to my already well-filled hole.

"Lock up," a voice hollered from the front of the cell-house.

The hands quickly released me. I pulled the pillow off of my head and the guys moving out of the cell. The last guy, the one who had just finished stroking my asshole, was hitching up his levis.

Chuck Lambert came into the cell, removing the blanket from the bars.

"Unless you're planning to put a show on for the bull, you'd better get your ass up," Chuck casually remarked as he folded the blanket and tossed it on the upper bunk.

His matter of fact attitude indicated a lack of surprise over what had happened. As I eased myself over on my back and grabbed the springs in the upper bunk to help me up, I couldn't help wondering why he hadn't been there. Even though my ass was sore and raw with come oozing down my legs, I couldn't help feeling a bit of regret that it hadn't been Chuck. I shook this thought from my head as I swore to never let this happen again. My legs felt rubbery as I got to my feet. Chuck kicked the torn clothing under the bunk out of sight.

"Get in the back and sit on the shitter until the screw goes by counting. They don't make you stand at the bars if you're on the crapper."

I almost collapsed on the ice cold porcelain seat. My asshole felt like it was about to drop out into the water beneath. My strength was returning. I grabbed some toilet paper and daubed it against my tender hole. I examined it for blood and found none. I had to face up to the incredible fact that I had enjoyed the last fuck, even though my sore asshole didn't agree. The bowl rumbled as I expelled all the pent up air.

The toilet bowl created an echo chamber and my fart reverberated throughout the quiet celiblock. "Sing out, baby," one voice hollered. "It must be cherry," cried another.

After the guard paused in front of the cell and passed on, Chuck said, "You'd better get up. We've got to go to work. Here," he handed me a towel, "wrap this around you. You can pick up another pair of levis and a shirt in the shack." The tier tender, a convict, came by and unlocked the cell door while a guard opened the bar.

As we entered the clothing shack, I went over to a pile of levis and found a pair that fit me. I dropped the towel and started to put them on. Chuck snatched them out of my hand and tossed them on a shelf that lined the back wall. "Forget it,

boy. We've got to talk."

I wondered only for a moment why we couldn't talk with me dressed. I reached down, scratched my pubic hair and brushed my hand against my cock. That was something that surprised me, when the last guy was screwing me, my cock was rock hard.

"What are you going to do about the little party you had?"

"Party," I exclaimed. "Some fucking party. It was a fucking rape."

Ignoring my statement, he repeated his question. "What are you going to do about it? Are you going to let the man?"

"Of course not," I retorted quickly. That had never entered my mind. I was con-wise enough to realize that to do that was to sign my own death warrant.

"Now, about what happened to you. You know once these guys get you, they use you whenever they want to. You end up drawing a lot of heat on the cell." He paused a moment. "Look, I knew it was going to happen because the dudes came to me and asked me if you belonged to me and I told them that you were a free fuck as far as I was concerned."

I wanted to say something about all of this, but I couldn't marshal my thoughts.

Chuck walked up to me. With his right hand he started kneading and twisting my left tit. "You know what you need, boy?"

"Yeah, to get out of prison." I could feel my cock rising and there was no way I could hide it. It was from a combination of reasons, the closeness of Chuck and the pleasure-pain of the tit work.

Chuck ignored my smart retort. His face became grim as he stared at me with his hard expressionless eyes. Whispering he said, "You need a Master. Someone who can look out for you, someone who can fulfill you while you are mentally and physically controlled by him."

I almost blurted out that this was the most ridiculous thing I had ever heard, but then I had to pause. What Chuck said had a scintilla of truth in it. My life had been a lonely existence before and since I had run away from home. Sure, I had friends, but they were never deeply involved in me. I had already discovered that prison could be a very lonely place even with 3,000 guys living arm to cheek with you. Tonight, the jungle had claimed me, had abused me and cast me aside. What Chuck was saying was that I was being offered the role of a slave. I didn't know just what it would encompass, but this guy exuded a strength and sexuality which could not be denied. Would I be any worse off than I was now? Wouldn't I have someone who might even give me the love that I needed so badly? What did I give up in exchange? Freedom, it is really overrated when you consider every man, whether in prison or outside, doesn't have freedom in any real sense. We are all subject to the whims of those in a position to exert power on us.

Chuck had been watching me closely as these conflicting thoughts coursed through my brain. "Do you agree to being my slave, or do I throw you to the wolves?"

"All right," I croaked. After I had said the words, I realized that I meant them and my cock set its seal on it by standing at full attention.

"O.K., we've got that settled. You're going to need a lot of training, but I'm going to enjoy the job."

"Whatever," I shrugged my shoulders.

Grabbing my cock he cruelly twisted it, causing tears to come to my eyes. "Your first lesson, boy. Whenever you talk to me, you call me Master or Sir." Releasing my cock, he grabbed my balls and rotated them forcefully. "Understand?"

"Yes, ah, sir."

As he released me, I sought to retrieve the levis, but he knocked them out of my hand. "You do nothing without my permission. Tonight you work in the shack buck naked. I want everyone to get a good look at that slave meat of yours."

"Please, sir," I pleaded.

"Please, shit. You do what I tell you. O.K., you give out the

towels and socks. One towel and two pairs of socks to each man. If they don't turn the same things in the dirty clothes bag, then they don't get anything."

Pushing me aside, Chuck went out of the shack and stripped off his levis and got into the shower. It was the first time that I had seen him naked. The sight made me catch my breath. The first wave of men entered the shower area. I could see Chuck talking to the last man to rape me. They laughed and threw looks at me which I knew caused me to blush. I felt sure at that point that Chuck had been the instrument of my rape even though he hadn't participated in it. He'd set me up!

Chuck took his time. While I watched him, he stroked his cock with his soapy hand toward me and I could see the penis was becoming engorged, either from the stroking or what he had in mind for me to do with it. I felt my mouth begin to salivate and I quickly looked away.

The men began coming to the door to exchange their towels and socks. Reaction to my now obvious nakedness was mixed, some looked at me in open lust, others ignored my nakedness, while others were obviously contemptuous of me. I tried to take the reactions in good course, revelling in the lustful glances. Until I had made my commitment to Chuck, these sexual looks would have bothered and even frightened me. God, I'm acceptin' this state of affairs.

The last dude to rape me came to the door after throwing in two pairs of socks and a towel. I replaced them with clean ones. "You were mighty fine, babe," he remarked to me. Now that I could get a clear look at him, I saw his lean body and found him to be very attractive. "We'll get together again sometime when we have a bit more time." Either Chuck had not told him about us, or Chuck was planning to share me. The latter idea caused my balls to tighten in excitement.

Chuck came into the shack with his towel under his arm and his levis over the other. He pitched the dirty bag and the levis on the shelf. I sensed that he was standing behind me and I felt that I wanted to feel him, but he made no effort to.

Tillie, the cellhouse clerk, stood in the doorway. The swishy faggot was fully dressed, either he had changed or planned to later. He opened the bottom of his pants, causing me to move back. "What's this nudist colony?" he muttered.

The first wave of bathers had pretty well left the shack. The next wave would be coming down from the tiers in a few minutes.

Ignoring me, Tillie grabbed Chuck's cock. I felt that Chuck was encouraging her, but he didn't move to stop her. She led him by his cock into the shack, thinking of me she said. "Keep an eye on me, darling."

Chuck leaned against a back shelf as Tillie got



Chuck came into the shack with his towel over one shoulder and his levis over the other. He pitched the towel into the dirty bag and the levis on the shelf. I sensed that he was standing behind me and I felt that I wanted to feel his body against mine but he made no effort to.

Tillie, the cellhouse clerk, stood in the doorway. The swishy faggot was fully dressed, either he had already showered or planned to later. He opened the bottom half of the door, causing me to move back. "What's this some kind of a nudist colony," he tittered.

The first wave of bathers had pretty well left and the next wave would be coming down from the tiers above in a few minutes.

Ignoring me, Tillie grabbed Chuck's cock and started to stroke it. Chuck wasn't encouraging her, but he wasn't making any move to stop her. She led him by his cock to the back of the shack. Looking at me, she said, "Keep an eye out for the man, darling."

Chuck leaned against a back shelf as Tillie got on her knees.

She started sucking at his cock, but in what I thought was a very unimaginative way. She kept gagging. Chuck made no effort to either encourage or discourage her. Although I was supposed to keep an eye out for the screw, I could not keep my eyes off of what was happening.

Was this the way it was going to be, was Tillie to be his regular fuck and I would just have to stand around and watch it? What would my role really be? Maybe, he had changed his mind about me and he was just going to let me go my way. I should have felt a sense of relief, but I cannot truthfully say that I did. Would I have to change cells and jobs? Jesus, how did I get myself into this dilemma?

Evidently, Tillie had had Chuck before, because she seemed to sense that he was about to come, but he showed no outward evidence of it. I could see that she had never taken all of his gigantic cock all the way into her throat, since she never got beyond midway. I had little experience sucking cock, but I was sure that I could have done a better job.

The only evidence that Chuck was actually coming was the fact that he threw his head back and let out a sigh while Tillie again gagged as the load of come discharged with evident force into her mouth. Hastily, she got to her feet, wiped her mouth, and said, "Thanks sweetheart, that was just great. Until next time. Ta-ta." With a swish of her hips she walked past me and out of the shack.

Chuck grinned at me, but I was so apprehensive that I could not force myself to respond in kind. He threw a towel at me and told me to go and take a shower.

I left the shack and entered an empty shower. I tenderly washed my sore asshole. I could see that Chuck was keeping an eye out. I discouraged any conversation with the guys on either side of me as I hastened to get done.

Returning to the shack I found Chuck wearing a shirt and levis. His feet were encased in a pair of Wellington boots which had been mirror shined. I didn't remember seeing them before. "Go on back and roll some clean socks. I'll take care of the cons."

He had not told me to get dressed, so I started rolling socks. I could tell that showering in the cellhouse was about over. I could hear Chuck talking to a guy in the doorway. I was unable to make out what was being said, but I was lost in my own thoughts.

At this time last night I had been laying back in my bunk in quarantine wondering about my future. Now it seemed my future had been determined for me. I got the impression that the cons respected Chuck and feared him. There was considerably more to this dude than I had ascertained so far.

My thoughts were interrupted by Chuck's opening the door. A tall lanky guy came into the shack. He wore a prison cap on his shaved head. His eyebrows were blond and could see that he was either nervous or anxious. He looked at me and then back at Chuck.

"Go ahead, man," Chuck said. "You ain't got all night."

The guy walked up to me, stood in front of me, unbuttoned his levis and pulled out an already hard cock. It was long and slender, tapering down to a small head. Lengthwise the cock was shorter than mine. I looked at Chuck. His features were stern and all he said was, "Suck it off."

I never felt so humiliated in my life. Sure the rapists had humiliated me but I was forced into that. I realized that I was again being raped and because Chuck was my Master I had no choice but to obey him. GINGERLY, I took the cock into my mouth and began to suck it. The guy must have just showered because I could taste and smell the soap. He grabbed my head and eased the cock into my throat to the balls. He began to rhythmically thrust and withdraw it, allowing me no control. I was being face fucked. I was just another hole to this dude, a hole without a personality. I couldn't get excited over this mechanical abuse and I knew that my cock hung softly between my legs. The dude's breathing became shorter and the pace quickened until he drove the head of his cock down my throat and pour his come into me. At least I hadn't had to taste it, but as the larger bursts were spent the guy had me suck him dry. The taste was bitter and I hated it.

During the assault tears had formed in my eyes and my nose was running, but I had made no attempt to wipe either away. When he pulled his cock out of my mouth, I grabbed a clean towel, wiped my eyes and blew my nose. The guy had never said a word to me and he didn't even say thanks.

Turning to Chuck, he said, "That was good, man. I'll bring



the stuff around in an hour. I'd like to get some more of that."

"We'll see," was Chuck's only comment as he let the guy out.

After the guy had left, I got up from the floor. "That wasn't right, Chuck."

With surprising speed Chuck came over to me and knocked me down with one blow to the head. He kicked my exposed stomach, causing me to retch. "What the fuck do you mean it wasn't right? You lousy motherfucker no-dicklicking son-of-a-bitch, I ought to stomp your goddam ass into the concrete. That dude paid good money for his head job and you acted like some nun who had never seen a cock before. You ever do that again, I'll line up the whole joint and let them have at you and then I'll sell you to the funkiest bastard in the joint. He paused to catch his breath. "Another thing, and I'm not going to tell you again, everyone in this fucking joint can call me by my name, but you don't get that privilege. You call me Master or Sir." With those final words he pulled his wide leather belt out of his pant loins.

"Get up," he snarled. My stomach was sore but I got up. "Now grab your ankles. That's what I call assuming the position," so if I tell you to assume the position, what do you do?"

"I bend over and grab my ankles, sir," I murmured as I gripped my ankles.

I stood in that position with my back to the door. I heard Chuck closing the top of the Dutch doors. I didn't hear him come back but the swish of the belt through the air announced my sound beating. The first blow landed on my ass, almost causing me to fall over. I gritted my teeth as blow after blow fell on my tender ass, legs and back. When it was over, I remained in position but I felt my hard cock pressing against my stomach.

"Get dressed," he ordered. As I stood, I could see that Chuck had a raging hard on. I found that I wanted his cock badly. I knew that I wanted to get off, but I wanted him more.

"Please, sir, may I suck your cock," I asked, pleadingly.

"You have to earn it, asshole. You haven't shown you deserve it."

I grabbed a pair of shorts from the size 28 bin but before I could step into them, Chuck snatched them from me. "You don't wear shorts."

"But, sir," I pleaded, "if they ever have a strip shakedown, I'll end up going to the hole."

"Let me worry about that."

I put on the shirt and levis. My shoes were in the cell, so I followed my Master out of the shack back to the cell. The tier-tender locked the door after us. "Do you want any hot water, Chuck," the convict asked after he had withdrawn the key from the lock. "Yeah," he answered.

As soon as the man went to get the large watercan of hot water, Chuck turned to me. "Strip naked and put the bucket in the doorway for the hot water."

I was learning, I guess, because I unhesitatingly removed my pants and shirt and took the can from under the sink in the rear of the cell and put it by the barred doorway. When the tier-tender returned, he poured the water but he kept glancing at me and I could see the hungry look in his eyes.

"Make some coffee for us," Chuck said.

As I took the bucket to the back of the cell and prepared the instant coffee, I could see that Chuck and the man were talking, but I wasn't able to hear what they were saying. The only thing I could catch at the end was "five packs of Camels." The guy left.

In a few minutes he returned and passed the packs of cigarettes to Chuck. Turning to me, Chuck grinned, "Steve just bought a little time with you."

I looked at the wizened man with the dirty teeth and ill-fitting clothing. My gorge raised as I thought about having to suck this creature off.

"Get your ass up to the bars, we ain't got much time. Steve wants to suck your cock."

With almost an audible sigh of relief, I approached the bars as the tier-tender squatted outside, ready to receive my big cock. Putting the head into his hungry mouth, I felt my growing need rise in my groin. My cock hardened but I could feel the man's teeth scraping along the shaft. "Watch the teeth, man," I warned. Since the man couldn't move his head without drawing attention, I had to face fuck him. He was a great fuck, an experienced cocksucker. As I gained momentum in my thrusts, Steve got a better grip with his mouth and he was

working on my cock like a wet suction machine. I closed my eyes to blot out the ugly gnome and imagined Chuck was down on me. My balls began to boil and I felt the semen gather for its discharge. I felt my brain explode as burst after burst filled the man's mouth. After the last spurt I jerked the cock from his mouth and went into the back of the cell and poured a bit of hot water into the sink to wash my cock off.

"Thanks, Chuck, that was great. Your slave's got the sweetest come I ever tasted." The man walked away from the cell.

I expected Chuck to congratulate me for my performance, but instead he slapped my ass with tremendous force. "You lousy bastard, what are you trying to do, shame me in front of the guy?"

"Wh-what do you mean, sir? I couldn't understand this seemingly senseless explosion."

"Watch the teeth, man," he mimicked me. His voice became hard and relentless. "If a customer wants to chew your cock to shreds, you haven't got any say so. There isn't a guy in this joint who's got the balls to really damage my property, so I don't ever want to hear that shit from you again. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. I didn't know."

"Well, you know now." Handing me a cup of coffee, he took the other one and stretched out on my bunk with his head against the bars. "Sit on the shitter and drink your coffee."

From my position on the icy cold seat, the soles of Chuck's Wellington boots were directly in front of me but my eyes were captured by the tantalizing bulge in Chuck's crotch. I was somewhat ambivalent about Chuck and his cock. I hadn't entirely accepted my role of slave, but I had seen enough of his cock and body to wonder if I could fully serve it.

A strange guy came by and handed Chuck two cartons of cigarettes through the bars. Chuck tossed them on the upper bunk and grinned at me. "You're a money machine, baby. That's for the blow job you gave down in the shack."

When I finished my coffee, I laid the cup on the shelf. "Now your mouth's nice and wet, get over on the side of the bunk and start licking your Master's boots. Get them shiny for me."

I knelt by the bed and ran my wet tongue over the boot's toe. The rich smell of leather engulfed my nostrils and I found myself being turned on by it. I took long swipes at the polished leather with my tongue. The base job was beginning to excite me. Instead of having to work up more saliva to keep the job going, I found my salivary glands were working at full speed so I had enough to continue the job. "Get into the welt and clean out all the dust." I ran my tongue along the stitched welt, tasting the dry dust. When I had finished one, I started the other one, lying across the first one. When I had completed the second one, Chuck merely asked, "When are you going to get done?"

Puzzled at his remark, I asked, "I'm finished, sir."

"No, you're not. Get over on the shitter and clean the soles. I want them as spotless as the tops."

I moved back to the porcelain toilet seat. Hesitantly, I took the boot into my two hands and slowly started making swipes at the dirty sole. I could taste the grit and dirt which were caked there. I wondered if I would pick up some sort of disease. It would serve him right if I did, I thought. After I finished the first one, I attacked the other with almost a manicured vengeance. This act of aggression on my part seemed to have an effect on Chuck because I could see him rubbing his crotch with the palm of his hand. All this time my cock had been at half staff, but the seeming promise of Chuck's cock caused my cock to mump in expectation.

After I had finished, I sat back and fingered the head of my iron hard cock. Although he couldn't see my cock, Chuck immediately guessed what I was doing. "Knock it off. I told you that I own you and that means all of you, including your cock."

I sighed and put my hands on the foot of the bunk in front of me so Chuck could see them.

"Take off my boots," he ordered. I pulled each one off and laid them neatly side by side against the wall. "Now, take off my socks with your teeth." I gripped the toe and tried to pull it off. The socks were clean. I lifted the pant leg and grasped the top of the sock and edged it off by pulling on the top and the bottom of the sock. After it was off, I used the same pro-

cedure with the other one.

Chuck lying near the bars must have heard the guard coming down the tier, but he didn't say anything. Imagine my embarrassment when I saw the cop stop outside of the doorway while I was sitting on the crapper with a sock hanging from my mouth. He merely grinned, shrugged his shoulders and walked on.

"I wonder what he thought you were doing," commented Chuck as I put the last sock inside of the boots. Lifting up Chuck pulled off his shirt and told me to hang it up. As he lay back I saw the well developed pecs. There was only a little hair encircling his tits. Fine hair caressed his navel and there was the promise of more beneath the waist band.

"Get over here," he directed me. "Kneel down. I want you to unbutton my fly with your mouth and get my cock out with your mouth. If I feel your teeth I'll bust your ass."

The top button was easiest because I gripped the corner of the cloth by the button hole with my teeth and pulled it so the button slipped loose. By tugging the outer flap I was able to open the next one. The third was unbuttoned while the fourth one gave me a fit. By a combination of my teeth gripping the cloth and bit of jerking I got it loose. The last one just popped free from the pressure of Chuck's swollen meat. Parting both sections of the fly with my mouth, I began probing my tongue into the lush black pubic hair, finding the root and trying to get a grip on it by hooking my tongue so I could lever it free from the binding cloth. Inch by inch the cock moved upward, when it had progressed far enough where I could get a purchase on it, I covered my teeth with my lips and seized the pole and released it from its own prison.

I guess I was learning because I made no attempt to do anything more without my Master's instructions. Chuck just lay there with his arms behind his head. His cock was jerking up and down as he eyed me coolly. "Get my pants off," he said.

Standing, I pulled them down as he tilted his ass to permit me to get them off. I hung them up and turned back to Chuck.

"Get on the bed between my legs," he ordered.

I knelt between his pillar like thighs. "Make me feel good, dick sucker." I grasped his raging hard on, the veins etching themselves in my palm. I bent over and flicked my tongue over the drooping slit of his monstrous cock. I wondered if I could ever get it into my mouth. I begged for mercy when the thought struck me that maybe I could do was bink at it. Woof! Woof! The clear fluid seemed just a bit salty to me. I ran my tongue over the sensitive ridge on the cock's head. I could tell from Chuck's body language that I was driving him up the wall. Without hesitation I took the entire shaft into my mouth, forcing it past the gattas, trying my best to control my gag reflex, and moving the muscles in my throat in an attempt to massage the head. Just as I was starving for air, Chuck forced his cock out of my throat. "You're killing me, man." I knew he meant with pleasure.

"Suck my balls." I dropped his heavy cock on his stomach, its shaft hiding his navel. I licked his musky, moist balls, I took one into my mouth, running my tongue around its surface while I sucked on its velvet covering. Dropping one I proceeded to attack the other with a surprising result. My fervor communicated itself to my Master and he lifted his legs high and wide, catching his toes in the bed springs above him.

"Eat my ass, fucker." The pole popped out of my mouth. I hesitated but Chuck's hand urged me on. I licked long strokes up and down the crack of his ass before I began the main course, the hairy puckered piece of flesh under his balls. At first I just licked its perimeter as I held the hard cheeks of his ass apart. I could see that my preliminary work had loosened the taut pucker, allowing me better access to his shit chute. I started darting my long, pointed tongue into the hole, taking my time and progressing deeper and deeper into its tart tasting recesses. The pace of my tongue quickened as Chuck rolled his hips to receive the hot prong. At last he pushed my head away, offering me his cock again. Before I began on it, I flicked my tongue and cleaned out the reservoir of pre-come which had gathered in his navel. Grabbing his iron by its root, I stroked my mouth over half of it, allowing my teeth to barely abrade the rim of his cock head.

Chuck shoved me aside and jumped out of bed. "Enough." That was all he said, I thought maybe I had hurt him and was going to get my ass whipped. Instead he went to the back shelf and produced a tube of K-Y jelly from a cigar box.

"Get on your back on the bed. Your ass needs a bit more

stretching."

"Please, sir, I'm pretty sore."

"It needs more breaking in. Count your fucking blessings that it's not my fist. Just make up your mind, I'm going to fuck you. Now throw up your legs. Give me a hard time and I'll dry fuck you."

As he had before me, I caught my toes in the upper bunk, while he crouched between my legs. His finger searched for my sore asshole and found it. I gritted my teeth, resolved to bear what I felt sure would be unbearable. One finger, then two, entered my asshole with a large cool blob of K-Y, most of it I was sure was lost outside of the tight sphincter. Taking more K-Y, Chuck stroked it up and down his shaft.

Thrusting my legs farther apart, Chuck began his assault. "Don't say a word or holler." Slowly the head entered the tight hole and without warning Chuck drove the entire cock into my abused hole. I gritted my teeth, but the pain eased off quicker than the first time. Slowly, Chuck began his driving strokes. As the cockhead prodded my prostate, I found myself seeking the penetration. As the cock was pulled out to the entrance chamber, I would twist so that the raised perimeter of the head would assail my prostate.

Oh, yeah, that's it, punk," groaned Chuck as his strokes gained speed. Very quickly, he was slamming into my butt, which didn't allow me to make full use of his cockhead on my prostate, but I found the driving force of his piston charges was the most fantastic aphrodisiac. I felt my balls churning, even under the restriction of his stomach. I wanted to hold off, but I couldn't. God, I thought this has never happened to me before. My head tossed from side to side, I clamped down on his cock with my ass. The tight grip evoked a groan from Chuck's lips. The first ejaculation caused my groin and head to explode; it occurred as Chuck lifted up off of me to make his next thrust. The come hit him under the chin, but he had reached his carnal Nirvana and could care less. The very next drive slammed his load into my welcoming butt. He held it in me as I worked the muscles of my ass, milking it.

Chuck rolled off of me next to the wall. "Get your face down there and see how much come you can suck out of it. Clean the cock off with your mouth."

The pubic hair was damp. I took the greasy cock into my mouth. There were brown flecks along the shaft, I could taste my ass. I had never eaten a shitty cock before, but it seemed right to me. I only got a drop of come, but I stayed there nuzzling it until Chuck pushed me off. I sat on the edge of the bed, not sure just what to do.

Chuck's eyes viewed me speculatively. I felt that he was assessing me, but we had done it all and there was nothing else to do.

"O.K., let's talk a few minutes," Chuck began.

I turned on the edge of the bed and sat facing him. I wanted to touch him, but I didn't dare to.

"What do you know about the S&M trip?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Well, you'll probably know a lot more about it before we're through."

"Yes, sir."

"You've been through a lot today, but it's just the beginning of your training. I've been into this trip for years, but I never met anyone in this joint who turned me on like you do. In time it will seem the most natural thing for you to consider yourself my slave."

He reached up and took my nipple in between his fingers, kneading it. Then he savagely twisted and pinched it, causing me to gasp from the sharp pain. My cock started to thicken between my thighs.

"Now, you're ready for your next lesson before we go to bed. Bend over and take my cockhead into your mouth."

Without any hesitation I grabbed his half hard cock and took the head into my mouth. I started to suck, but Chuck said, "No, don't suck it. Just hold the cock in your hot mouth."

In a moment I felt a flow coming into my mouth and I knew right away that Chuck was pissing. "Swallow my hot piss. Don't lose any of it, or I'll knock your ears off." I gulped the fountain, tasting the acrid coffee. As I was able to swallow quickly, I knew that Chuck was controlling the flow. The flow seemed unending, but it managed to dribble to a stop.

TO BE CONTINUED

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IT'S NATIONAL GO HIKING WITH A BUDDY MONTH

Anything worth doing is better done with a buddy. A wild back-packing into the wild is especially fun if there is only the two of you and your friend is amenable. Go ahead, take advantage of his good

nature. Insist first that he get into something comfortable, his bare skin. The more skin and the less clothing the better. Dan is our model, photos are by Zeus Studios. Move on . . .



The stripping continues and the view gets better. Make him take his hands off his hips and get rid of that shirt, for Pete's sake.

DRUMMER 48

That's better. This is the way you want him, with everything hanging down. Other than a back-pack, all the luggage he should be carrying on his back and between his legs. And what legs they are. And what luggage.



What fun to stretch your buddy in the woods. Make him string up a rope swing and test it before you try it. Get those muscles straining with his feet up off the ground. He can wear trunks in case a Ranger should come by. After that it depends on the Ranger.

Now tie the rope around him and let him dangle. Getting out of this predicament is a mind — or a tail — twister. (Where is that Ranger, now that you need him?)





Back on firm ground, our good buddy is stretched up to one of nature's racks. He is hanging loose in case he has to go when he can't. The log is attached to the swing he was on, so he can't go too far. A good position to keep him where you can find him. He

can't get lost in the woods this way, either. At this point, we suggest you unstaple and fold out your foldout and write your own copy. Hang in there, Dan.

PHOTOS FROM THE ZEUS COLLECTION

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DRUMMER'S NEW UNCLASSIFIED SECTION IS A WHOLE NEW BALLGAME. NOW ANYONE CAN RUN AN AD AND ANY READER CAN ANSWER ONE — TO THE UNCLASSIFIED. DRUMMER'S UNCLASSIFIED IS SIMPLE, DIRECT AND PERSON-TO-PERSON.

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My Ad is _____ Words at 25 cents a word.
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Total \$ _____

ALABAMA

HANDSOME, FUNLOVING LEVI/ LEATHER Harley Rider, Taurus, 39, 5'10", 160, white, wishes to share fantasies with masculine, discreet, clean, unselfish buddy to 50. Digs motorcycle riders, uniformed cycle cops, high boots, chaps, breeches, horses. Mustache/beard a turn-on. Seeking permanent friendships. No feds, fats, drugs. Box 451A

ALASKA

SM, 31, small, solid, well-proportioned, enjoys S&M experiences with other conscious men, kinky, rough and high, as well as sound man-to-man relationships. Open to nearly everything. Will correspond with frankness. Travel at times. Box 701C

ARKANSAS

LITTLE ROCK SLAVES - Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs., 8'4" uncut if you are white, masculine and not overweight. My interests are shaving your crotch smooth, pouring piss down your slave throat, boning/petting the discipline from you I demand, FF and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, imaginative. You should include your phone number how many times you are available. Box 308B

CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO MEN

Hunky w/m, 27, 150 lbs., 5'8", black hair brown eyes. Gemini sex gets into almost any scene with hot, bearded, husky men. No scat or blood. Turned on by Military jocks leather, tattoos, dirty talk, body builders. Send photo & letter to J.C., 660 O'Farrell, No. 4, San Francisco, CA 94109

REPORT TO COMMANDANT US*ALL STOCKADE

Aryan, 49, uncut, 6'2", 170 lbs. For submissions re: w/s, S&M, B&D, VA, humiliation, beating (caucasians only) under Military/SS/USMC disciplinary principles and total arrogance. This is serious and as real as fantasy allows. Applications requested for assistance as Guard/Drill Instructor. Stockade is a non-domestically associated punishment facility. Workouts only in prison uniforms or work garb. US*ALL, Dept. D, Box 972, Mountain View, CA 94042.

CRUEL MASTER DESIRED

Cruel, sadistic w/m Master(s) with SS mentality/drives needed for heavy bondage, suspensions, stretching, whipping, flogging, colonies, torture. You set limits! Only mature, fully equipped need apply. Could you use me? Bay Area, NYC, European locations. Box 701E

SAN FRANCISCO S

29, 5'8", Leo, 155 lbs., built and sadistic, into giving excruciating genital pain to other bodybuilders. No marks, damage, just real pain. (415) 864-5566.

ORIENTAL MASTER

San Francisco S, 34, 5'9", 140. Oriental, 7". Hot looking in full leather, like dirty talk, giving tit work, but also well-educated, sane, inward. Wants goodlooking, masculine, white M in chaps for sex and intelligent conversation afterwards. Photo. Box SFL210

ORANGE COUNTY w/m, 37, masculine, goodlooking dog seeks collar, chains, and masculine, sensitive Master with good body, hung. Possible relationship. Details, photo, letter. Box 32, South Laguna, CA 92677

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 31, 5'5", 130 lbs., muscular, handsome, wants B&D and uninhibited leather action with a muscular Master who wants total service. Box 146

LOS ANGELES, S, Aquarius, 22, 5'11", 150. White, 6'4", knowledgeable. Tough, hot looking Levi/leather boss gets total service from submissive, wild-assed, hungry bootlickers. If they work for it, they'll get his Levi's and all the sweaty meat, grease and piss in 'em. Put yourself in real good hands. Box 294V8

LOS ANGELES, S, Libra, 40, 5'10", 155 white, 6", knowledgeable, attractive, imaginative. Stud is good top man for obedient uninhibited partner. No heavy drugs, drunks, feds, fats. Loves sex! Box 133

ORAL SLAVE

Fremont, 38, 6'3", Black, 190 lbs., 7", uncut, gives total oral service. appreciates w/s, dirty talk, name calling, humiliation, verbal abuse licking asshole. Looking for White Latin or Asian into having a tal slave, should be 18-45, learner too. Must be masculine. Box 491F

LOS ANGELES M, Virgo, 49, 5'10", 145 lbs., white, 6", knowledgeable, imaginative and obedient. Box 182.

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 42, 6'1", 165 lbs., white, 6", novice. willing and eager to learn complete submission, to suffer or cause suffering with w/s with reliable partner to 45. No mutilation, physical handicapped. Box 208

VENTURA, SM, 45, 6'3", 225 German, 7". Seeks well built, over 35, over 6 feet, Levi or leather dominant or passive. Am versatile and willing to learn. Box 170.

WOODLAND HILLS, M, Pisces, 40, 5'9", white, 165 lbs., 8", enjoys C&B action, catheters, enemas, serious sex by controlling Master. 3 ways ok. Box 132M

LOS ANGELES, S, 45, 5'6", 135 lbs., solid, muscular, masculine stud, 7" cut. Looking for masculine, slender or muscular man, under 55. White. Not interested in fucking anything that I wouldn't walk down the street with. Box 667C

AVALON, SM, Leo/Virgo cusp, 39, 5'11", 145, Latin, 7" uncut. An evil and imaginative mind dedicated to exploring my personal limits for mind-blowing orgasms, which I wish to share in either role (prefer dominant etc). Must have boat. Seek MC riders for summer runs. No body odor, bad teeth or soft bellies. Box 318V.

FRESNO, CA, W/M 38, Cancer, 5'10", 150 lbs. TAIL member 1891. Like mellow scenes, top or bottom, FFA, erotic enemas, exploring fantasies. No great hangups about age, race etc but am not into teenage-boppers, excessive dopers or grotesque freaks. Box CAY103.

S.F. BAY AREA, w/m, early 40s, 5'4", 130 lbs., straight appearance, interests include horseback riding, bicycling and hiking (motorcycles a possibility) turned on by horse and motorcycle types. would like to put some of his raunchy fantasies into reality action with compatible buddy or buddies. Box 175.

OROVILLE, M, Cancer, 32, 6', 180, white, 6'4", knowledgeable. Needs leather Master for life. I love leather and need kinky scenes, mild S&M, B&D, am into w/s, scat fantasies, humiliation. I must serve my Master in leather and boots. I am considered goodlooking, masculine, and need training. I am open and loose for the right man Master. Fantasies mixed with a little reality is where I am. Please, Master, I need you bad. Box 81E.

PLEASE SR

Wanted white hairy leather Master, 35-60 to teach and love inexperienced white 5'9" 155 lbs 24 year old average looking slave. No games. Sincere only. Thank you, Sir, Jim, Box 4509 San Francisco CA 94101.

SAN FRANCISCO, S/M, 41, 7", 5'10". Previous experience as an S, but leaning toward M role. Prefer a dominant who respects limits. Seek under 40, 5'10" and over, over 6" endowment, dressed in full leather. Box 136H.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cancer, 36, 5'10", 130. White, Bearded bottom for rim and/or scat. Beard or mustache a must. No age or race restrictions. Hours: 415-282-8550 10 pm to midnight. Other times answering machine. Write Box 101SF

WHITE MASTER, 23, 5'10", 150, 7" cut, seeks goodlooking, young, serious slave with desire to serve, learn and obey. I am a clever, energetic Master who knows how to use you effectively. Box 130Y.

HAYWARD, M, Capricorn, 39, 6'3", 190, 7", Black. Wants to meet white Latin or Asian masculine man, 18-45, for total oral service. body worship, humiliation, verbal abuse, w/s, tit work. Face sitters preferred. Photo and frank letter will get prompt reply. Box 104UC

S 5'10", 150 lbs., 23, 7", cut, looking for white M to 29, goodlooking, submissive, cut, subservient and masculine. Southern California area. Must be smooth, not hairy, not into playing games. Must follow orders. Box 130Y

LOS ANGELES, SM, 40, 6', 190 lbs., 8" uncut, experienced Master or slave with cabin in the mountains for outdoors scenes. Have had excellent training in both roles. Am gentle but firm, respect limits. Not into excessive pain for force. Prefer the experienced. Box 318V2

SAN FRANCISCO, 33, 5'8", 150 lbs., bearded, oral obedience, tit-work, rimming, humiliation, verbal abuse, jockstraps, begging: either role. No pain or bondage. Box 64, 537 Jones, S.F., CA 94102.

L.A. FILTH

Tough, hard, beer drinking, cigar smoking, foul mouthed dirt dude with rank amputs, slimy asshole and a cruddy uncut cock wears greasy, rotten, stinking boots, socks, jocks, t-shirts, levis and leather. Dies spitting piss and shitting plucking, sweating and farting and gets off with chains, tires, concrete, mud, tools, rubbers and oil. Box 294V8.

HOLLYWOOD S, Gemini, 55, 5'9", 135 white 7" novice will give hard spanking to buns with or without restraint. Like a stern father, I have good hands, paddles and other toys. 375B.

**CIRCA GALLERY
Walnut Grove Center
9026 Tampa Ave.
Northridge, CA 91324
(213) 993-7774**

GRANADA HILLS, white, 21, novice slave seeks understanding Master to train me right. Box 174

LEATHERSEX WANTED

M, 5'11", 145 lbs., 7" cut, goodlooking slave, firm, sweet, smooth body seeking hot young stud for total service. Box 158

CAUCASIAN MALE, 45, 6', 194 lbs., Los Angeles, enjoys laying leather on back asses. Limits nearly respected. Box 155

LOS ANGELES S, Taurus, 45, 6'4", 210 white 9" experienced seeks slaves for a week in the woods. Bike on California Box CAB202

NORTH BAY AREA

W/m, 52, 6'2", 185. If you are the same and love motorcycles, leather uniforms, horses and saddles, tall polished boots and britches, spurs and chrome, then lets ride off together. No freaks, please. Must be very straight appearing and discretion an absolute must. Photo please, either mounted or unmounted. Box 308A

LOS ANGELES, M, Aries, 38, 6', 145, 7", clean cut, well built, into kinky scenes, tit, cock and ball torture, temporary piercing, music, playroom; seeks virile, masculine S, big ballad, older OK. Box LAP301.

MONTEREY AREA

Well built, hairy father in 40's needs younger, smooth and thin fellow to be spanked and loved like a son. Box 375C.

OAKLAND, S, Libra, 40, 5'10", 175, white, 7". Knowledgeable, experienced, discreet, masculine, good looking dude, well equipped with toys seeks slim submissive partner to 26. Should be clean shaven, clean cut. Box 052G

SAN DIEGO AREA

SM, 39, 6'3", 190 lbs., 8" cut, has well equipped game room for scenes with Masters or slaves from novice to well experienced. Have toys and know how to use them. Should be over 25, clean, in leather or latex. Box 667F

FORESKIN LOVER

Libra, 35, 6'2", 165 lbs., 9" cut, white, goodlooking, seeks big uncut cocks with lots of foreskin. I dig sucking, playing, and worshipping what you've got. No age or race hangups. Enjoy anal. Have fantasy about playing with huge animals. Write R.A.W., Box 11772, Palo Alto, CA 94306

RIVERSIDE AREA, 40, 6', 180 lbs., hard 7", soft belly, sexy face, short nails, wants slender bottoms, especially FF, under 45. Also dig watching exhibitionists do their thing. Box 10.

LOS ANGELES, M, Pisces, 42, 6'2", 198 lbs., white, 7 1/2", looking for a man for love and other things in this area. Box 11.

ATTENTION SLAVES

Dominant goodlooking w/m body builder 29, seeks good looking, smooth bodies, well built slave 18-28. Light S&M, B&D, spanking. Novice ok. Write now, slave! Photo to Mac, Box 162, San Pablo, CA 94806

TRANSFERRED TO S.F.

January, 1979. Oversexed M, 26, 5'10", 170 lbs 6'4" uncut beard, white, goodlooking, sense of humor, together, easy going, seeks together S who will help me expand my varied interests in the S&M scene. Want friends to experience leather, hot sex and conversation. No one-nighters. Phone and photo. Box 191.

JOCK STRAPS

Wrestling in oil, athletic gear, sweat turn you on? Hot, 28-year-old, Southern California dude wants to get together with you and show it off in a straining jock strap. Will exchange ripe jocks and photos with all. Must really get off on locker room sex. Travel U.S., mostly New York, West Coast, Germany, Portugal. R.M. Box 1993, Newport Beach, CA 92663.

SAN FRANCISCO. 28, 5'11", 150 lbs., goodlooking, uncut 7", into uncomplicated one-night-stands. Seek similar, prefer uncut, 30-45, turn-on to Asians, Latins, who dig fucking, heavy oral sex, w/s. Can assume either role, depending on partner. No scat, drugs, pain. Box 171.

LAGUNA. S. Aquarius, 36, 6'4", ex-jock, 210 lbs., seeks generous, mature slave who appreciates a heavy-duty, experienced, discreet master. Your scene combined with mine to let you freak out. Advanced or beginners. Tough but safe. Equipped. Peter (714) 494-4871.

OROVILLE. M. Cancer, 33, 6' 180, white, 8 1/2", knowledgeable. Needs leather Master for life. I love leather and need kinky scenes, mild S&M, B&D, am into w/s, scat fantasies, humiliation. I must serve my Master in leather and boots. I am considered goodlooking, masculine, and need training. I am open and loose for the right man-Master. Fantasies mixed with a little reality is where I am. Please, Master, I need you bad. Box 81E

FRAZIER PARK. M. Taurus, 40, 5'11", 156 lbs. white, 7 1/2", novice, hot, handsome, masculine bottom seeks sensitive, masculine, hunky old hand heavy into ass play. Should have expertise with respect to limits. No feds, fats, pain for its own sake. Box 865.

NAKED SPANKINGS IN L.A.
True novice M, 23, 5'9", 140 lbs., 6" cut, beard, wants the paddle, etc. from clean guys about same age. Make me squirm and serve. No FF, blood. Send details. Smith, Box 7306, Van Nuys, CA 91409

MATURE, MASCULINE W/M, 47, 6'3", 225, write, healthy, experienced, wants contact with men near my size. 30+ only. CB's, bikers, cowboys reply to R.K., Box 905, Oakview, CA 93022

MY SCENE OR YOURS
S&M fantasies realized with attractive, muscular dude into levis, boots, leather, S&M, bondage, w/s. When a body needs a body to learn the how and why. Photo please. Box 115

LONG BEACH AREA uncuts wanted by blonde/blue-eyed 26-year-old, 51, 5'10", 7" uncut, hot w/m. Dig hot, sweaty man action, any race, used beer, raunchy cocks. Hot cuts under 30 lx. Box 4358, Torrance, CA 90510. Rick (213) 434-6554.

MONTEREY PENINSULA
Hunky 40s, ready to serve. You call the shots by writing. Box 4413, Carmel, CA 93921.

THE TOILET
Join. Scat. W/S. John
(415) 826-8072

EAST BAY NEWCOMER
WM, 36, 6'1", 185 lbs, uncut, brown hair, blue eyes, full trim beard, weekend athlete. Good collection of tools with a private place to share some give and take sessions. Not into heavy scenes... yet! Looking for another guy who is tired of working on himself and ready to expand his interests by working out with a hot Aquarian. Photo gets mine. Box 165

SAMURAI WARRIOR

Anglo dude, young, slender, fair, uncut, goodlooking, has fantasy about dominance by Samurai warrior. Reality would be for an Asian, hopefully Japanese dude, taller than my 5'10", slender to muscular, to stride into my life in ceremonial robes, naked underneath, brandishing a traditional Samurai sword. Would humbly bow and serve. Others with same or similar fantasy encouraged to write, share, explore. Photos? Box 176

USE MY MOUTH & ASS

30, masculine, blond, 5'9", 145 lbs., into very tight pants, want hot verbal funk. Not a slave, but close. You need it, you got it. Will drink, lick, smell, work out. I give it too. Use me. No fakes, fats, feds, uplys. Ring me after 9:30 pm., real late is cool. (213) 663-6713. Rigg. Write: Box 145.

LOS ANGELES. SM, Capricorn, 45, 5'11", 175 lbs., 6", raunchy guy digs it dirty, top or bottom. Mutual sucking, fucking, passing, shitting. No FF or fat. No photo, no answer. Box 143

S, w/m, 28, 6", 165 lbs., tanned and very handsome, 7 1/2", seeks 30-plus senior slaves with oversized worked-on nipples, to worship and serve my cock and ass, drink piss, massage my body. Candidates will have services of junior slave to prepare them to serve me and tongue clean us both afterwards. Recent full-front photo required with letter detailing qualifications. Box 138

SAN FRANCISCO. SM, 36, 5'11", 175 lbs., European actor, Mediterranean, into kindness and intelligence. If you can handle that, I'm your type of man and you are mine. The rest will come by itself. Sex could be heavy or mild, but you must have the same desires to enjoy the good thing in life: giving ourselves to each other. No feds, or under 30. Box 167.

SAN FRANCISCO. SM, 29, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7" cut, handsome, masculine, completely uninhibited, raunchy dude can wield a whip as well as take it. Exhibitionist enjoys bizarre without hangups, expects same. Not into FF, clean freaks, dishonest types. Digs w/s, B&D, S&M. Box 162

SAN FRANCISCO. M, 31, 5'8", 135 lbs., 8" cut, Novice with intelligence, adaptability, perception, into a variety of scenes looking for partners, white, to 40, taller than myself, who are equipped with enough fantasy toys to make role playing enjoyable and exciting. No drugs, heavy drinking, heavy pain, scat, or inexperience. Box 163.

SAN FRANCISCO. M, 36, 5'11", 175. Completely experienced into S&M. Very arrogant, romantic and strong minded. Former European movie star. Seeks master-lover more arrogant than I to show me my place. 35 to 45, looks unimportant but mature responsible, capable of feeling, stable, intelligent and personality a must. I can be into anything without it being pre-arranged. With the right person things can come by itself as long as it is enjoyable for both. Intelligent conversation afterwards — a big plus! Box 167.

CONNECTICUT

MYSTIC. S, Aries, 50s, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 8", old hand. Experienced top man will train sexually uninhibited, honest partner to 50. No drugs, phonies, dullards, fats, feds. Box 329.

YOUNG BLONDE

Guy likes to get it in tight butt hole. If you are 8 inches or more and dig Fr., I am your guy. Photo if possible, gets mine. Box 701A.

GREENWICH. S. Cancer 45, 5'11", 160, White, 6". Heavy leather scene. Has fine leather toys, seeks macho partner who knows how to serve. No phonies, fats, feds. Box 051E

PERRIER LOVER

New Haven, w/m, 28, 5'11", 136 lbs., cut, seeks slave, 21-45, into w/s. My hose is ready to burst. Box 178

STAMFORD AREA

Would like to meet guys for sex and friends in the nearby area. Must have your own place. Call Anthony (203) 325-2364.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON. DC AREA, M, 38, 5'11", 170, White, 6". Handsome, masculine, muscular, lean. Run. Work-out. Interested similar type S, 25-45. Box DCS101.

WASHINGTON. SM, Sagittarius, 33, 5'7", 130, White, 10". Knowledgeable. Very interested in a variety of sexual experiences and willing to try them with mature, uninhibited partner, 45 to 60 preferred. No feds, fats, long hair, body odor. Box 084D.

WASHINGTON slave, Sagittarius, 54, 5'6 1/2", 168 lbs., white, 6". Relishes being subservient to decent, good-looking Master who is sincere and has a sense of humor. Prefer cut, under 36, no beard, red heads, hairy bodies. Box 227S

FLORIDA

DADE COUNTY, FLORIDA

Clean, sexy, very attractive GW, masculine, 29, wants to explore business through young white couple(s) /group. Prefer F (18-28), M (21-38), firm body, together heads, attractive, professional, discreet, friendly fun. No drugs, smokers, BO, bad teeth, etc. Nice, modern pervers only. Will exchange returnable photos with serious prospects. Box 1122, Hialeah, FL 33011.

TOUGH HUNK MEN

sought to get down and worship the goodlooking blonde/blue-eyed Narcissist, 39, 5'10", 160, muscles; into heavy piss games, muscle licking, mirrors, fantasy, enemas. Want studs only or masculine slaves. Miami area. Box 47.

MIAMI UNIFORM STUDS

SM, Taurus, 25, 6', 165 lbs., white, 6", masculine, muscular stud seeks boot and uniform buddies into police and military scenes. Butch studs only with boot, uniform fetish need apply. Real motorcycle cops and military men a plus. Discretion assured. Uniformed photo and phone. Box 201FLW

HANDSOME & DOMINANT

Muscular male, white, Libra, extremely safe and sane, turns on with light-medium S&M, B&D with the right submissive w/m, 18-25. Box 22671, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33335.

HEAVY HAIRY MEN

When in South Florida call (305) 324-5754 for a good slave. Men over 25, hairy, muscular, macho only need call.

COCOA BEACH. S. Capricorn, 59, 5'6", 155. White, Knowledgeable. Open-minded, willing to please. Box 360.

HIALEAH. SM, Pisces, 32, 5'8", 165, white, 6". Knowledgeable. Experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well-built, over 28, not in Miami or Ft. Lauderdale. No feds, fats, long hairs. Box 009

LAKE WORTH. SM, Pisces, 36, 6'1", 175, White, 8". Old hand. Can endure much in either role and wants no-nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. Into heavy S&M, regular sex. No feds, amateurs. Box 1251.

ST. PETERSBURG. S, Virgo, 28, 6'4", 170, white, 6 1/2", intelligent professional wants younger partner into rough sex. Dominates with affection. Seeks mutual satisfaction. Must act masculine, be lean, hard some. Relationship possible for sensitive person. Box 179

JACKSONVILLE M 39 6 160 lbs., 7 1/2", white, seeks masculine dude, 25-50, for kinky scenes, i/o piss, scat fantasies, dirty talk, enemas, tit work, in and out of levis, jocks. Photo and frank letter for reply. Box 405C.

NORTH PALM BEACH M, 26, 6'5", 195 lbs 7" white, seeks dominant master to keep me in line. Discreet and masculine I will serve willingly S&M B&D, w/s, boots, humiliation, all ok. Please S.r. I need a good spanking. Box 142.

DADE COUNTY

Clean, sexy, very attractive GW/macho, 29, wants to explore business thru young, white couples/group. Prefer F 18-28, M 21-38, firm body, together heads, attractive, professional, discreet, friendly, fun. No drugs, smokers, b.o., bad teeth, etc. Nice folks only. Will exchange returnable photos with serious prospects. Box 1122, Hialeah, FL 33011.

GEORGIA

BODYBUILDER

seeks firm-bodied, macho males for correspondence, photo and cum-filled bikini exchange. I am turned on to all kinks with firm, macho males. Mike, Box 858, Stone Mountain, GA 30086.

IDAHO

BOISE. SM 44, 6', 158, uncut 7". Into spreadeagle, suspension submission seeks tops or bottoms with lite or no body hair, slim, interested in B&D. No latex, scat, hairy. Box 052F8.

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO. M 26 5'11", 165 lbs 6 1/2", novice seeks intro to B&D, w/s light S&M, Gr., Fr., w. aroma, 2b 35 Gregg Yarbrough 1525 W Estes Chicago IL 60626

SLAVE

White male slave, 26, needs experienced master, 30-50, heavy prolonged bondage, rope, leather, gags, masks, mummification, w/s, servitude, spanking, heavy mental trip to develop training in Chicago Area. Box 114.

CHICAGO MASTER

Out-of-stater comes to Chicago occasionally looking for s/m slaves over 18 into bondage, discipline, shaving, w/s, FF and S&M. Am 6'2", 8 1/2" uncut, respect limits, imaginative, dominant, experienced. Replies should include phone number for get-together when I am in Chicago and available to work you over. Box 3088.

You won't find our Fraternity on any Campus...



This is not to say that there isn't a practitioner or two at good old State U, but the **LEATHER FRATERNITY** will hardly be on the list between Phi Delta and Sigma Chi.

Definitely not a school sponsored organization, the **LEATHER FRATERNITY** is a select group of interested, and interesting, Leathermen the world over. These are guys who are into what you're giving — or getting, as the case may be.

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☐ I am a DRUMMER subscriber. Same deal but here is \$25

NAME _____

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CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

MEMBERSHIP IS 12 MONTHS and/or 12 ISSUES.

Chicago, M. 23, 6'3", 180 lbs., 8" cut, athletic, lean, muscular, handsome, into B&D, S&M, levis, leather, heavy Gr and Fr action, needs rugged Master who wants me spread-eagle so he can use me any way he wants. Expend my limits. Box 1098

CHICAGO, W/M, 33, 6', 155 lbs., looking for action, especially fucking and bondage. Send photo and phone to Box 113.

CHICAGO, SM, Aries, 26, 5'6", 147 lbs., white, 6" butch body builder, 40" chest, 14 1/2" arms, hairy chest, tattoo; new to S&M, into levis, boots, wrestling, seeks muscular, butch studs into leather, levis, cigars, wrestling. Am aggressive, tend to dominate and attracted to same. Will switch roles if you're man enough to get me on bottom. Send photo & phone to: Jim, Box T 24, 323 S. Franklin Blvd., No. 804, Chicago IL 60606

CENTRAL ILLINOIS, w/m, 29, 5'10", 155 lbs., bearded, Honda 760 owner seeks dominant biker or other strong, masculine types with love of leather, levis, boots. Light S&M, w/s possible. No drugs, non-smoker preferred. Box 405A

ALTON S. Capricorn, 35, 6', 170 lbs., white, knowledgeable, versatile, muscular, hunky stud seeks partner to 35. Should be clean-cut, no fats. Box 159M

CHICAGO, M, 6'3", 175 lbs., 23, 8" cut, semi-muscular, goodlooking, brown hair/eyes, seeks muscular, short haired, white Masters over 6', over 8" in leather, levis. Can serve the master who knows how to demand service and obedience. Should be butch, have strong sex drive and exercise authority. Box 309B

CHICAGO, Aries, 29, 6'1", 200 lbs., muscular S, dominant and knowledgeable, 7" cut. Handsome body-builder knows how to give orders, knows how to get service, and knows how to punish failure. Potential slave should be submissive, 21-35, obedient, and know his place. No fats. Box 181P.

CHICAGO, M. Aries, 29, 5'10", 175 lbs., white, 7", knowledgeable. Enthusiastic and willing to try almost everything with levelheaded partner in good physical condition. No fats. Box 186Z

EVANSTON, S. Scorpio, 46, 5'11", 175 lbs., white, 6" knowledgeable. Turned on by high, heavy boots and wants slave with same strong interest for mutually booted sessions. Respect limits, no fats, feds, hard drugs. Box 17R25.

SLAVE OR MASTER?

Chicago, Virgo, 30, 5'10", 160 lbs., blue eyes, hairy chest, give/take fucking, bondage, light S&M. Clean but seeks same for one week med. passionate love affair. No feds, fats, drugs. Send photo and phone. Box 281B.

McHENRY M. 25, 5'8", 155, 7". Seeks muscular, rugged, masculine Master who will expect obedience and reward worship. I know I was born to serve. Box 05B

CHICAGO, w/m, 36, 6'3", 220 lbs., uncut, short goatee, levis and boots. I like to french and lick husky, bearded, clean studs, 25-45. Must be very masculine. Big, soft belly a plus. Open to other scenes if not too kinky. No skinnies or young. Absolute discretion assured. Photo and phone. Box 144

BORN TO SERVE

Need to worship big, muscular body, know how to do so with experience and submission. Am attractive, 23, 5'8", 155, slender but muscular build. Prefer someone in their 30s, tall, at least 6", well endowed, muscular, ruggedly goodlooking, hairy chested if possible. While I am always extremely willing, he should respect limits, and not regard a show of affection as a sign of weakness. Box 58

CHICAGO AREA

22, 5'10", 180 lbs., straight acting, appearing, shy novice needs gradual but firm training in bondage and submission from dominant, level-headed discreet top to 40. No scat, shaving. Photo appreciated. Write: Box 156.

W/M SEEKS LONGJOHN/unionsuit guys into B&D, humiliation, in boys underwear. Jay H., 450 Briar No. 8K, Chicago, IL 60657.

CHICAGO, M 6'3", 175 lbs., 23, 8" cut, semi-muscular, good looking, brown hair/eyes, seeks muscular short haired, white Masters over 6', over 8" in leather, levis. Can serve the master who knows how to demand service and obedience. Should be butch, have strong sex drive and exercise authority. Box 309B.

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS, S, Libra, 35, 6', 150 lbs., white, 7", old hand. Very demanding but considerate Master heavy into S&M, bondage, humiliation with mature, dependable true slave to 45. No chickens, beginners or those unable to follow complete domination. Box 132F.

KANSAS

HAYS M Aries 33, 6'5", 200 lbs., white, 7" good body hairy bearded boot and leather lover knowledgeable, seeks big, hairy master, 25-45, into leather, levis, w/s, B&D, ocks and boots. No heavy S&M, FF, or feds. Bikers, policemen, truckers, travelers on 170 Hwy welcome. Box 375K.

TULSA-KANSAS CITY

Goodlooking, levi, white bottom-man moving to area in Fall. Seeks white topman, secure in who he is. Prefer uncut, trim, freewheeling. Box 376T.

KENTUCKY

BEST MATCH WITH BI
S/M, 46, 160 lbs., 5'10", 6" cut, seeks slender, young, bisexual partner with average endowment or more. Experienced as top or bottom. Box 960KY

BEST BET BI

46 year old w/m, topman, bi, has 18 year old mostly straight roommate, also topman, both very strict, street-wise. Have openings for slaves. No experience necessary. No fats or feds. Box 960

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS, S. Virgo, 30, 5'9", 150 lbs., white, needs Master who is patient and willing to teach novice. Enjoy leather, tit action. Write. Must be discreet. Send name and phone number, photo if possible. Box 666B

Replying to a coded ad?
See form on page 53

HARVEY, SM, Leo, 42, 6', 215 lbs., white, 7", novice. Firm but gentle, understanding of partner's likes/dislikes. Seeks similar into role switching. No feds, drunks. Box 130Z.

NEW ORLEANS, w/m, 30, 5'9", 145, 6", novice, eager to learn from muscular, honest, clean, hung, gentle-yet-firm partner. Box 701B

BATON ROUGE S. Leo, 28, 5'10", 170 lbs., white, 8" knowledgeable. Good no man enjoys satisfying slave's real desires. Must be at least 8", masculine. Box 47W

LAFAYETTE couple males 28 and 30, 170 lbs., white, 7" and 8" and 20, 5'6", 135 lbs., white, 8" Group scenes. Clean, discreet. Make me, cocks, what's your scene? 101LHA

MARYLAND

WEEKEND SLAVE

Couple IS 32, 160 lbs., 5'11" and M 32, 150 lbs., 6" need services of a weekend slave into w/s, lite B&D, S&M. Applications accepted, photos a must. Box 147.

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON S Aries 42, 5'10", 150 lbs., white, 6" knowier jack e Seeks partner over 18 for strict discipline and prolonged bondage. Same size or smaller, smooth body. Must submit to public shaving and being owned. WASPS welcomed; discretion assured, long-term relationship possible. Box 253.

BOSTON, Virgo, bottom, 30, 6'2", uncut 8", needs hunky white master for B&D, light S&M, submission. I'm a novice but can spot a bull-shitter across the room. Photo gets reply. Box 149

BOSTON, 2 guys, 30s, S 5'9", 140 lbs., into leather, rubber, w/s, etc. M 6' 165 lbs., into rubber infantilism, w/s, and serving beer drinkers. Both masculine, virile, slim and like threesomes with other S who enjoys giving w/s and receiving head. Box 101MWP

MICHIGAN

TAYLOR, MS. Capricorn, 24, 5'10", 165, white, 6 1/2". Novice. Eager to learn from a dominant S. (Singles/master available. Box 101MWP)

FARMINGTON, S. Virgo, 33, 5'6", 135 lbs., white, 8", knowledgeable. Firm Master demands obedient experimental slave. No belds, fats, dominants. Box 052D

SM - 26, Scorpio, 7", 6'1", 230. Adaptable to many situations. Willing and able to please. Box 101MIM

MINNESOTA

DOMINANT MAN, 40, 5'11", 168 lbs., wants passive man for bondage. Age, race, looks, location doesn't matter. I love big tits and hairless bodies. Muscles and trim a must. No fats, heavy drugs or drunks. Box 169B.

SLAVE

W/M, 30s, eager to meet, serve, fit 18-35 w/m Master. I'll do most anything short of real pain. Possibility of friendship. Especially want to give extended attention to all of your body, including feet, ass, etc. Box 3111, St. Paul, MN 55165.

MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY, M. Virgo, 23, 5'4", 130 lbs., white, 6", honest, good-looking slave needs discipline/affection from dominant Master. Dig muscles, big hands, boots. Must be sincere, secure, experienced. Box 667D.

ST LOUIS, S. Leo, 31, 5'9", 210 lbs., white, 8". Knowledgeable. Demands strict obedience, will punish any infraction with pain. Partner must have staminal youthful appearance, can be to late 40s. Box 245.

YOUNG NOVICE

23, 6'4", 130 lbs., 6" cut, looking for muscular, straight-looking, rugged men to be my Master, buddy, lover. Am clean cut, honest, quiet, intelligent and submissive. No drugs or scat. Should be 30-45, good build, hung and into levis/leather. Turn on to big hands. Box 667D

ST LOUIS/KANSAS CITY

Dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs., uncut 8 1/2", seeks receptive slaves when I travel to your area. Am aggressive, experienced, imaginative, respectful of limits, into S&M, B&D, w/s, shaving, FF, etc. You should be over 18, receptive, white, slender and masculine. You should include your phone number in your reply. Will call when I am nearby and available. Box 308B

NEW JERSEY

GAY

IN NEED OF FRIENDS?

The Egyptian e private club, offers a relaxed ambience which includes plush surroundings conducive to conversation, as well as a dignified alternative in which men may privately rendezvous. For additional information call (201) 295-4900.

TRULY AN OASIS
LOCATED IN CENTRAL
NEW JERSEY

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY, W/M 38, 6'2", 185, hairy, knowledgeable masculine, dominant and aggressive Master yet quiet, straight acting and appearing seeks slave, 25-35, for permanent live-in relationship. Muscular body a plus. Willing to train novice to my ways. Will respect limits. No hard or ruff stuff. No drugs, fats, feds or phones. Box 201.

HIGHTSTOWN, M. 32, 5'8", 160, 7" cut, Blonde hunk seeks being controlled. Prefer Master in total leather. Seeks butch looking out dominant that can relate out of the bedroom as well. Box 201NJ.

JERSEY CITY, M. Libra, 34, 6' 163, White, 5 1/2". Novice. Have enjoyed light leather bondage & spanking while spreadeagle. Ready for more. Need rugged Master who wants me in that position so he can use me any way he wants & let his friends use me too. I'll serve as third to Master and slave. Can get into Manhattan easily. Box 101NJ.

BELLVILLE, W/M, 5'9", 170 lbs., 24, dirty blonde hair, very muscular guy, wants same w/m's only, between 18-33. I have 16" arms, 44" chest. Usually top man into some leather, S&M, body worship, etc. What's your scene? I am straight looking & acting, construction worker, and am looking for a man like myself. No bullshit, I like sports, cars and motorcycles. I hate discos, opera and the so-called fine arts. I am not a typical gay, so if you are you can fuck off. If you think we'll hit it off, write Box 299, Bellville, NJ 07109.

NEW YORK

GREENWICH VILLAGE, 28, 6'2"
155 lbs., blonde bodybuilder, 10%
thick and uncut. Fantastic pecs,
super buns, seeks similar or anything
hot and dirty from 18-45. Twist my
tits, fist my ass, scat my mouth and
then piss all over me. Leather, levis,
groups, wet and willing. Insatiable
and without any limits. Your photo
gets mine, plus anything else you
may want. Box 118.

NIPPLE AND PEC FREAKS
W/M, 6'3", 37, 51" chest, slab pecs,
cone shaped tits that never get
enough, wants to meet/hear from
heavy chested, big titted guys into
long tit workout sessions. Live your
nipple fantasy. Chest pic gets mine.
Heavy titted torso friend available
for threesomes. Box 451B.

NYC/NJ. Libra, 22, 5'10", 150 lbs.,
7", seeking a macho leather topman
for regular hot sessions. Like B&D,
smoke, amyl. Clean. Photo preferred.
Box 190

MASCULINE GERONTOPHILE
Libra, 6'3", 60. slender, will do any-
thing for the masculine male who is
turned on by my type. Box 290X.

LEATHERMASTER
Albany, 32, 5'8 1/2", 165 lbs., 7"
hairy; seeks eager slave with hot
mouth and ass. Respect limits. Send
letter of submission with photo and
phone. Bill C., 163 Jay St., Albany,
NY 12210.

Will the bondage Master interviewed
by Jack Fritscher in Drummer No.
24 please contact w/m, 35, 5'7",
130 lbs. Think I meet qualifications!
Have decent body, good head, am
willing to be sensual, am vulnerable
and want to try something new.
Box 161

NEW YORK, SM, 41, 6'3", 175 lbs.,
handsome muscular masculine Irish-
English man, novice to S&M, can
adapt to either role, 6" cut, seeks
manly partners not hung up on acting
out fantasy; changeable, adventurous.
Should be over 30, taller than 5'10",
and not fat. Box 452A

MANHATTAN
25, 5'9", 140 lbs., very handsome,
into boxing and serious contest
quality bodybuilding, seeks level-
headed guys into same. Want to take
boxing lessons from a boxing muscle-
man. Also seeking a versatile man as
a lover to build a stable homelife.
Box 154

HOT W/M TRAVELING TO BOISE,
Memphis, Minneapolis and Cincin-
nati, 33, 8'1", 175 lbs., what do you
want? Need? J.P., 26 Second Ave.,
ZAF, N.Y., NY 10003.

MANHATTAN, trim guy, 44, 5'7",
average equipment, gentle, reliable,
clean, intelligent, needs Greek passive
for tender times. Age ok, no bad
trips. R.H., Box 245, N.Y., NY
10016.

DOMINATING
NYC PHOTOGRAPHER
wants young, clean-cut, good body,
jock type to submit to imaginatively
posed photo sessions. Pay or photos
possible. Send age, photo to Box
574-R, Downstairs, 166 West 21st
St., New York, NY 10011.

HOT NY STUD BOTTOM
W/m, 30, 6", good body and head,
seeks together top w/m, 25-45,
beard or mustache a plus but not
necessary. Into FF, w/s, tit work,
some B&D with right top. Aware
heads appreciated. Could expand
limits over a period of time with
right top. Box 148.

NYC UNIFORM MAN, MS, 30, 6',
150 lbs. w/m 8" hot moustache
into L/L, uniforms cycles boots
seeks tough well hung muscular men
who are versatile and can keep it up.
Also into fantasies and 3 or more
groups with the right people. Reply
with photo and phone. Box 687E.

UNIFORM LEATHERMASTER
Tram, 40, requires guy who under-
stands submission and service as
virtues and is prepared and anxious
to bare his ass and bend his back in
my service out of strength, not
weakness. In a world that is soft and
undisciplined. Box 451T.

SUPER HEAVY S&M
Way out and wild S&M given to hot
young slave by brutal, well-equipped
Master. Real m's send photo, age,
experience to: Box 12-R, c/o Room
418, 152 West 42nd St., NYC, NY
10036.

HOT SLAVE
Goodlooking, white, 34, 5'11", 160
lbs., needs total domination and
discipline by rugged leather master
who will make me worship, beg and
grovel at his feet. I dig all kinky
scenes, B&D, w/s, tit play, shaving,
etc. Send photo & phone number to
Al, Box 1116, FDR Station, New
York, NY 10022.

SILICONE
Want to hear from men into silicone
injections for huge meat. Exchange
ideas and photos. Can travel. Box
405F.

SIT ON MY FACE
You big burly guys or short stockys,
plant your hunky levi/leather asses
on my ass-eating face and let my
talented tongue/mouth do the rest.
I'm attractive, butch, 49, 185 lbs.,
6', and dig servicing rugged guys.
The more rugged you are the further
I'll go. Manly affection, too. Nipple
action, you name it! Pecs, muscles,
tattoos, facial/body hair, even bald
guys are turn ons. Call (212) 684-
3582.

VISUAL J/O
Is visual j/o with hot, handsome,
muscular stud your trip? Reply with
photo to: Box 43, Midtown Station,
New York, NY 10018

MATURE SCATMAN
wants masculine, unwashed partners,
35-55. Average looks, build. Unin-
hibited leatherman. Fully experi-
enced in water sports, C&B work,
tit work, ass worship, sloppy animal
action. Freaky penpals welcome.
Trade smelly jockstraps & photos. In
Manhattan Box 281A.

WOODBURY, LONG ISLAND, SM,
Taurus, 43, 5'9", 172. White, 6".
Knowledgeable. Trustworthy, re-
sponsible, intelligent, creative and
fully aware of risks and dangers.
Wishes to fulfill M fantasies with
masculine, discreet, clean, unselfish
partner to 48. No fems, fats, freaks,
fakes. Box 185R

NEW YORK, S, Taurus, 44, 6',
170, White, 7". Novice. Seeks dark,
hairy slave with large uncut cock.
Must be knowledgeable, clean. Box
153P.

ILION, MS, Gemini, 47, 5'8", 130,
White, 5X". Completely inexperi-
enced. At best when told what to do
and forced by patient and under-
standing Master, preferably blond
Aryan type. Must be cut and clean,
well-endowed. Box 141.

FLUSHING, SM, Taurus, 43, 5'8",
180, White, 6". Knowledgeable.
Biker into Leather/Levi/masculine
scene seeks intelligent, butch part-
ner. Will switch roles for right per-
son. No fems, blacks. Box 052H.

M, 45, 6', digs dirt or any kind of
group or single, day, weekend or
longer, scatological scenes in dun-
geon, cage, car repair shop, pig pen,
horse or cow stable, or what have
you. FF, w/s, S&M, ball action,
secure but loose restraints for B&D,
tit and balls. Black or white, any age
over 21. Like to have pictures taken.
Picture furnished. Box 405B.

BUFFALO, W/M, 25, 5'9" 185,
7" uncut, into leather, inexperienced
in S&M but interested in pain and
giving it. Looking for levi wearer/
leather lover, 21-35, into S&M and
discretion. Box 404BNY.

MANHATTAN Mature Black Scor-
pio seeks mature, white, French
active, not-fat slave - my portable
glory hole, my personal toilet, my
private cunt. Box 451R.

NASSAU COUNTY SM, Taurus, 45,
5'9", 172, 6" uncut, White. Knowl-
edgeable. Imaginative in either role.
Seeks serious, macho leather/levi
partner to 48 with reasonable en-
durance, into S&M, spreadeagle bon-
dage, dog discipline. No extremes.
Limits respected, expanded. No fems,
fats. Likes. Box 185R

BROOKLYN M, Aquarius, 33, 6'
170, White, Cherokee Indian, 7X"
uncut. Knowledgeable. Smooth,
body-building, talented, tight ass,
slave needs dominating Master to
40 over 6", hairy, hung, into B&D.
No role-switching, scat, shaving. Box
122.

ATTENTION RUBBERMEN
Fishermen, sewer men, etc. Hip-
booted, gasmasked w/m, 25, 5'7",
seeks you for heavy j/o, piss and
friendship. Must own and truly love
heavy black rubber hipboots, waders,
ranger gear, even innertubes. Let's hose
each other with water or piss, slosh
in the rain, or slog through the mud.
Call (212) 662-0447.

WANTED: Young gays over 18
I'm goodlooking, Italian, married, 29,
6', 170, hung. Daytime, your place
only. Box 154, Westchester Sta.,
Bronx, NY 10461.

CIGAR SMOKING STUD, bearded,
tattoo, 37, 5', 170, 8", into uni-
forms, leather, boots, w/s, S&M,
FF, all far out scenes. Playroom.
Want to meet same type. Send photo.
Can Travel. Box 451C.

NIPPLE AND PEC FREAKS
W/m, 6'3", 37, 51" chest, slab pecs,
cone shaped tits that never get
enough, wants to meet/hear from
heavy chested, big titted guys into
long tit workout sessions. Live your
nipple fantasy. Chest pic gets mine.
Heavy titted torso friend available
for threesomes. Box 451B

NEW YORK, 45 M, 5'8", blond,
dig macho male any age, levi, leather,
tattoos, motorcycles. Write: Box 285
Downstairs, 166 West 21 St., New
York, NY 10011

PARIS NEW YORK
SM very handsome blond German,
34 5'9" well-built, masculine in full
leather is moving to NYC and seeks
interesting leather studs in NY
and all over the USA. I'm quite
active, but also like to submit, but
only to butch studs. Interested in
bondage, humiliation, submission and
other fantasies. If you are real and
down to earth, then you won't be
disappointed at all. Enjoy uninhib-
ited, hot leather sessions. Photo and
detailed letter, if possible. Box 140.

GYM JOCK
Gym sock jock wants to rent Levi
j/o buddy. Send photo. Box 414,
166 W. 21 St., NYC, NY 10011.

FRESH MEADOWS, M, 34, 175,
Taurus, White, 8", Uncut. Seek
mature, adult, macho male with
head together. Levi, leather, con-
struction. I can take orders. Blonde,
blue-eyed German seeks anything but
drag. Box 052H.

NYC, w/m, 36, 5'8", 150 lbs., eager
to worship, obey, serve understand-
ing Master. Please respect and ex-
pend my limits. Prefer knowledge-
able, well-built w/m to 47. Also,
Westchester County and Southern
CT, Box 759, 166 West 21st St.,
N.Y., NY 10011.

NEW YORK, M, Aquarius, 36,
5'7", 130 lbs., 7" cut, goodlooking,
cleancut novice seeks macho, good-
looking, dominant partner. Likes
verbal abuse, humiliation and w/s
from masculine, cleancut top men,
25-50. No hard S&M or brutality.
Tight, hard build and boots a turn
on. Box 220K.

ITALIAN NOVICE
Passive beginner is looking for the
right man to make me sexually into
whatever he wants. Am 38, 6'9",
6X" uncut. You should be over 35,
into leather/levis, hung, and looking
for the one person to settle down
with. Box 685E

EX-MARINE
Early 40s, making up for lost time
interested in masculine guys for
rough and ready relationship. Dig
levis, boots, leather, sweaty jock
straps and other athletic gear to ig-
nite fantasies. Box 701F.

NEW YORK, M, Aquarius, 38,
5'8", 145, white, 7", masculine and
obedient but needing training and
discipline from rugged master over 40
who believes in keeping his slave
naked and spreadeagle and ready to
service him and his buddies. Box
070T.

OHIO

CLEVELAND, SM, 35, 6', 186 lbs.,
muscular/husky build, inexperienced
but tend towards S role, seeks 28-
35, up to 6', white, under 200 lbs.,
at least 6" for further experimen-
tation. Box 665H

COLUMBUS, SM, Taurus, 25, 5'9"
183, White, 6X". Novice, satisfac-
tion guaranteed to sincere, straight
appearing butch types. No fems,
fats, snobs, chicken. Box 365.

SM 25 5'9" 150 lbs. 7" cut is ex-
perienced in both roles, have worked
out with real pros. Am compas-
sionate and mature during scenes and
expect the same. Not interested in
uncut bearded very hairy over 30
fat or fems. Mental stability impor-
tant. Box 300

CLEVELAND, MS, Aries, 46, 5'10"
155, White, 6X". Novice. French
active Greek passive. Wants to please
large well built partner to 50. No
fats, heavy S&M. B.O. Box 017V

AKRON, MS, Gemini, 43, 6'1"
195, White, 6X". Knowledgeable.
Into heavy B&D, light S&M. Would
switch roles with right partner. No
extreme pain, heavy drinkers or drug
users, hippies. Box 187L.

PRISONER, 28, blond hair/blue
eyes 6'1", 180 lbs., wants mean-
ingful correspondence. George E.
Hakaim, No. 141-671, Box 5500,
Chillicothe, OH 45601.

Replying to a coded ad?
See form on page 53

OKLAHOMA

TRAVELING MASTER. 32, 6'2", Solid 195 lbs. Gets to Baton Rouge, Shreveport, Dallas, Houston, Austin, Albuquerque, Little Rock and Oklahoma City. Seeks willing slave with magic mouth and hot ass. Into sweaty jocks. Box 20772, Oklahoma City, OK 73156

OK CITY S 6'2", 32, 195 lbs. cut. I give orders and expect obedience or punishment prevails. Looking for over 25, under 6'2" with average endowment; perhaps in jock strap and chaps. Box 1010K

OREGON

PORTLAND. 31, 5'5", 165 lbs., dark and hairy, 7", wants to meet hunky truckers, troopers, cowboys, construction workers, body builders into leather, levis, w/s, Fr., tattoos, beards & hair a turn-on. Send photo, address, answer with same. No overly fat, feds, fakes, drugs or blacks. Box 6678

W/M, 30, 6'4", wants to correspond with and meet raunchy studs. Into piss, spit, uniforms, dirty talk, smoke, amyl, jocks, oil, urinals and far out sex. Send photo with dirty letter. Box 309A.

PENNSYLVANIA

WILKES BARRE. S. Cancer, 41, 6', 170, white, 12". Old hand, military disciplinarian with rural stockade, 20 years military exp. seeks prisoners from beginners to experienced for joint discipline. Scenes of primary importance. Stee bondage, co s, laces, heavy physical exercise used. Very train beginners. No feds, feds. Box 055

BOXING INSTRUCTIONS

I'm 27, 6'3", 185 lbs., looking for a guy who is good with his fists and could dig teaching a beginner the ropes. Into both ring and street fighting. Man-to-man workouts, 10-14 oz. gloves, occasional bare-knuckle bouts. L/L wrestling, weight training cool also. If you're under 30, level-headed, but get into playing rough once in a while, I think we should talk. No pansies or pretenders. VA, MD, PA. Box 1001, York, PA 17405.

PHILADELPHIA. M. Libra, 49, 5'10", 140. White. 8". Completely inexperienced. Willing and eager to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50. Box 052F

PHILADELPHIA. S. Virgo/Scorpio 42 5'7", 160 White 7". Knowledgeable. Italian, stallion, muscular and hairy, experienced to understand limits in all areas. Master seeks masculine, obedient slave to serve his leather, chains and boots. Will train up to 35 in S&M, B&D, W/S, chains, bike and western leather toys. Send letter of submission, with photo and phone. No bullshit. Box 052.

KINGSTON. M. 30, 6'1", 180 lbs., medium build, hairy chest, big balls, 7" cut, novice is absolutely willing to learn to please. Looking for dominant Master who is into leather, is masculine. Box 119

PHILADELPHIA. M. Cancer, 40 6'2", 210. White, 7". Intermediate but learning fast. Masculine weight lifter with 48" chest, 34" waist wants to expand experiences with experienced, clean, masculine S. Box 023

PHILADELPHIA. S. Aquarius 46, 5'9", 165. White. 7". Knowledgeable, masculine S seeks M under 35 into S&M, B&D, W/S, oil, leather, levis, amyl. Send photo and phone number with respectful letter. Box 209

RHODE ISLAND

PROVIDENCE. w/m, 30, submissive, novice, desires clean, white male to teach me to serve a loving master. Prefers a dominate who respects limits. No heavy stuff. Willing to learn. Box 164.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SUBMISSIVE w/m, 23, 147 lbs., 5'10", brown hair/eyes, wants to serve white MASTERS, 30-50, into S&M, B&D, w/s, leather, levis, uniforms and boots. Am Gr passive. Fr active. C.J. Bridwell, Box 1143, Taylors, SC 29687

TEXAS

PERMANENT SLAVE AVAILABLE M 24 5'10" 160 lbs. industrial Master to enter on permanent slave. Torture, bondage, discipline, spanking, humiliation, public exhibition. No heavy drugs, selfish types. Box 130W.

Sensible, attractive mid 30s couple open for meetings with singles couples who seek No S&M. Only attractive, sensitive, sincere need respond. Travelers, bicyc, welcome. Your photo gets ours. Box 36243 Dallas TX 75235

DALLAS. Virgo, 35, 5'8", 151 lbs. 7" seeks Buck with meat or blond meat over 7" for water sports. Am masculine, muscular, hunky. Photo requested of you pissing. Will travel. Box 180

Dallasite desires initiation into S&M and B&D. No heavy scenes. Box 8

FT WORTH. SM, 47, 6'2", 190 lbs., 7" uncut, German Aquarius is looking for either slave or Master. Either should be knowledgeable, clean, not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots. Not into FF, scat, w/s. Box 059D

TOTAL & COMPLETE SLAVE White, 5'10", 24, 155 lbs., 7 1/2", needs permanent master, need to be pierced, branded, shaved and turned into a complete and total slave, a piece of property, to be used as a toilet. Box 116

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WASHINGTON

TACOMA. SM completely inexperienced 7' uncut 5'10", 240 lbs. Box 187X

PHOTO EXCHANGE

23, 5'9", 145 lbs., raunch, obscenity. Exchange foul polaroids, etc., with anyone, anywhere. Box 137.

TACOMA. SM, Capricorn 37 6'2 1/2", 190. White. 7". Novice wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns Harley and prefers bike owner. No feds, feds. Box 185G2.

WISCONSIN

WATERTOWN. S. Libra, 27, 6' 175 White, 7". Novice. Will satisfy standing partner into W/S B&D humiliation, public exhibition. No heavy drugs, selfish types. Box 130W.

WISCONSIN READERS, all this is new to you but reading about it has got you hot and hard? Want to learn more about different scenes as well as about yourself? If you are willing to learn and obey, I am willing to instruct. Box 173

S seeking Japanese college students willing to exchange language lessons for sessions. Box 172

MANITOWOC. SM, Aquarius 28 5'7" 150 White 7". A nice Mean but and still seeks over 30. Contacts to 24 with nice ass, at least 6. Nobody too involved in gay scene. Box 262K

MILWAUKEE. MA, Capricorn, 42 6'4 1/2", 210. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Fifteen years as a slave has taught him to enjoy both sides with intelligent partner 25-30. No feds. Box 294V85

VIRGINIA

RICHMOND. S. Leo, 45, 6'1", 175, white, 8" cut, brown hair/blue eyes. Harley rider, ex-cycle cop into high boots, breeches, cycle cop uniforms, studs into big bikes and studs who ride them, cigars, L/L, truckers, horses, w/s, j/o, light S&M, boot cover. Business necessitates travel entire U.S. Replies with photo and phone get mine. Box 5501, Richmond, VA 23220

22 S preferred 29 5'6" 142 lbs. musc 3'8" cut seeks sh t h and cleancut, muscular M who is masculine and knows how to follow orders. Am demanding, forceful - but know when to pull back, respect limits. While I am attracted to other tops, it takes quite a man to get me to bottom, and then not for very long. Box 294V50

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Dick, 24, masculine, handsome, defined and endowed. A man for men. All scenes considered. (312) 849-9577.

AUSTRALIA

ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA MS, Taurus, 38, 6'4", 5'10", 156 lbs., novice, digs leather, boots, bikes, needs to be gently but firmly instructed in the art of servicing well built, hairy master to 60. Collar

chains and cuffs really turn me on. No fats, fems or drugs. Box 281C (Include airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

GOODLOOKING AUSTRALIAN

guy, 37, 5'10", 155 lbs., white, Taurus, digs cycle riders uniformed cycle cops, high boots breeches. leather. A real cop or GHP a bonus. Must dig breeches and boots. Your photo gets mine. Box 120. Please include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

CANADA

TORONTO MASTER

wants well-built athlete or body-builder for lifetime slave. You are a docile, obedient "Q" as in "The Story of Q" longing for a permanent, secure life as a piece of property. To be used, abused, branded, pierced and worked as I choose is your only desire. Your Master is young, goodlooking with average build. For inspection and interview reply with recent photo and frank letter. No games or freaks. All serious answered. Box 667E

CANADIAN DISCIPLINARIAN seeks father/son relationship. Confused? Get straightened out! (604) 921-7721. Anytime.

SM, 39, 5'11", 6" uncut, inexperienced but very willing to learn into leather, levi and cowboy fantasies. Am versatile and willing to assume either role with proper instruction. Box 491D

TORONTO MASTER

wants well-built athlete or body-builder for lifetime slave. You are a docile, obedient "Q" as in "The Story of Q" longing for a permanent, secure life as a piece of property. To be used, abused, branded, pierced and worked as I choose is your only desire. Your Master is young, good looking with average build. For inspection and interview, reply with recent photo and frank letter. No games or freaks. All serious answered. Box 667E

Initiate wishes to contact experts in Magic, Voo-Doo, Satanism, Covens, disciples, etc. (604) 921-7721, any hour

STUDS SERVICED

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(604) 921-7721

DENMARK

COPENHAGEN. 2 hot Danish studs, 37 and 38, are looking for new friends who go in for more than just p/o scenes. Live action in our home or on our visits to the U.S. We are both versatile, have good builds, have 7" and 8" to work with. We are also interested in exchanging material with other guys who also have good collections of photos and drawings concerning S&M. We have our own darkroom for developing and copying. Box 665C. (Include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

BOOTED DANISH LEATHER-GUY 33, 6'2", hung and hairy, versatile, into many scenes and anxious to expand present limits. Visiting L.A., S.F., Chicago and N.Y. Aug/Sept. to meet groovy all-leather guys for fucking/sucking and what else is good. Photo if poss. Please write to: Mogens S. Kruse, 2 Vestervang, DK-8000 Aarhus C. Denmark.

Replying to a coded ad?
See form on page 53

ENGLAND

LONDON LEATHER GUY

6'2", 170 lbs., white, 7" cock, very active, strictly top, wants to meet groovy, muscular slaves who know how to serve a real Master. I am into most scenes and really enjoy man-to-man action with guys who are 100% male and proud of it. Write on your knees. Send a photo and I will send mine. If you are a real slave, I can guarantee you the real thing. Letters with photos answered first. Box 665B (Include overseas airmail postage with reply to be forwarded.)

Turned on slave, 27, 6' and booted, wants real masters to 40, into all scenes. Travel USA and Europe constantly. Please, Sir, write me your intentions and instructions. Real thing. No freaks. Box 124. (Please include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

MALAYSIA

ORIENTAL, 29, 5'5", 145 lbs., 6 uncut, virgin ass, inexperienced but willing, seeks hung, muscular body-builder studs (25-40) for correspondence, lasting relationship, gay experiences and possible meeting. Write with photos (nude preferred) to: John Lee, Post Office, Mukah, Sarawak, Malaysia.

POLAND

Would like to correspond with American gay men, especially from California. Am 24, passive. Angelo Hoszonski, Waryzanska 15/6, 44 100 Gliwice, POLAND

POLAND

Young gay man, 24, would like to exchange correspondence with gay Americans. Angelo Hoszonski, Waryzanska 15/6, 44 100 Gliwice, Poland

PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN

A Canadian, 6'11", 36 with new condominium, willing to accommodate visitors this winter into w/s leather, levis, fucking, rimming, spanking. Phone (809) 722-3631.

SWEDEN

MUST BE REALLY MALE

30-year-old M can assume either role; interested in the real man. Tends to be passive. Into levis, leather, cowboys. Into sex toys. Can travel. Willing to correspond with other Masters and slaves. Box 228M. (Include Overseas Airmail postage with response to this ad.)

SWITZERLAND

BODYBUILDER

Leather stud, 27, into heavy chests and big pecs, muscular asses; would like to see photos of American bodybuilders into leather straps, jocks and heavy action. Anreas Buhlmann, Nordstrasse 59, 8006 Zurich CH, Switzerland

WEST GERMANY

WEST GERMAN

Dutchman, young looking 40, living in West Germany, seeks dominating slim partner to 30 for lasting relationship. Possible living together. Box WG901. (Include Overseas Airmail postal rate with reply for forwarding)

COLOGNE, SM. 45, 6', white 7" uncut, into either role, experienced and convincing, masculine, slender and muscular, tends towards S role. Interested in meeting men into more than sex. Should be intelligent, masculine, wear leather naturally. Should be my age or younger, not fat, no fems. Travel to U.S. occasionally. Box 121. (Include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

WEST GERMANY, Brutaler Sadist, 54, 1. 78m schlank, militarist in uniform, leder etc sucht 100% sklavem/rekruten moglichst in drilllichzeug, stiefel, etc. Rasierter kopf oder kurzhaarig fur dauerzucht in bauechhaus, etc. Gansfotozuschrift NUR in deutsch in deutscher wird erwartet. H. Gallert, D-3101 Scharnhorst 1-Nr 5A.

CONTACT

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Meet men into S&M, B&D. Send \$1 for questionnaire to: Box 712, Dept. Q, New York, NY 10011. 100 Bank 5A)

PHOTO EXCHANGE

Amateur photographer would like to exchange photos with others, 6x7 or larger. No polaroids or Xerox. Sample and interests gets same. Box 229.

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Sailing the crystal blue waters of Florida to Key West or the Bahamas with Ron and Henry. Sailorman Charters, Box 331244, Coconut Grove, FL 33133 (305) 858-5670

FT. LAUDERDALE PISS FREAK. Drink and drink and drink some more. Tape my mouth to your source and let me gorge myself. Let me sleep with you and wake up to the morning stream, good and strong. Let me come to the bars with you and watch you drink, then take me to the alley, or the car, and let me get on my knees and quench my thirst. 30, W/M, JB-208

MS, early 40s, well built, attractive, personable, versatile, seeks stable partner for any activity. B&D, S&M or just good times. Will share great pad with right guy, 25 to 45, good-looking, good body, good attitude. Box 125. VA

Scat taker seeks scat giver. Any age, any race. I am white, 47, 6'2", 170 lbs., average goodlooks. Not into S&M or any kind of fixed role-playing. Let's just be friends and have some fun. Beer gut ok, but no fats, please. Box 238, Downtown, 166 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10011.

DRUMMER views the Flicks

MOVIE MOVIE

MOVIE MOVIE: TACKY TACKY

Movie Movie is a single feature double bill, "tribute" to the fight movies and the musicals of the Thirties. It shoulda stood in bed. The spoof wears thin in ten minutes flat. The boxing section has some male meat, yeah, but none of it erotic. The musical section looks like outtakes from *New York New York* or any other had Liza Minnelli movie (if that, luv 'er as we do, is not redundant).

MINESHAFT

Movie Movie's dialog, written in New York, contains for DRUMMER men what has to be the most In-Joke of the silver screen.

At the height of his musicalmania, Broadway producer George C. Scott, throws in a gratuitous line that is lost on all but a few of us hardcore creatures of the Manhattan night: "More sequins," he shouts, "more black sequins for the MINESHAFT number!"

That's good, George. But not good enough for four bucks.

After all, admission to the wunderbar MINESHAFT itself is less than that.

SUPERMAN

MORE THAN MEETS THE X-RAY EYE

The highschool football coach in *Superman* has the REAL SUPER LOOK in his grey flannels, muscles, deep voice, and command presence. Holy cream jeans! What is his identity? As usual, the supporting actors click off more bold power than the stars. Never only watch where the director directs your eye.

The DRUMMER eye sits frontrow center and quick-scans all across the screen, spying out more than bargained for. The hottest is not always screen-center.

That highschool coach, who puts a real gym-ender to Clark's jock-beginning, is solid macho evidence that a muscle man can truly fly.

SECTION 1: STAR WARS

Superman I is a threepart movie waiting for the serial of *Superman II* (already in the can and awaiting release). Dedicated to cinematographer Geoffrey Unsworth who died during filming, *Super I* is three movie styles perfectly reflective of the times they warp through.

First, a long time ago in a galaxy far, far away, Megastar Marlon Brando sends his only begotten son down to Earth in a trip that is light years related to 2001's concluding Star Child spinning screen-left to screen-right back to this Great Green Planet.

The Destruction of Krypton (super-music by John Williams) is shot in the contemporary style of *Star Wars*. So far, so good. Especially since Brando is aided by Susannah York (*The Killing of Sister George*) as Superson's Kryptonian mother, Maria Schell — she of the most engaging and famous smile this side of the Mona Lisa, as well as Maximilian's sister — lends her nostalgic face to support the common sense of Brando's Superbaby blast-off.

The Destruction of Krypton, by the way, opens with a futuristic bondage scene that sends the Paso.in./Fellini hero Terence Stamp (*Teorema*, *Toby Dammit*), who was the best screen Billy Budd, off into a time warp. Too bad *Super I* never shows Terence's beautifully decadent face again, but we know Stamp will turn up, very postage due, in *Super II*.

SECTION 2: GRAND MOVIE-MAKING

Once Superboy lands on Earth (c. 1947), enter Glenn Ford and Phyllis Thaxter, two of the best sci-fi actors of the Forties and Fifties. Here, the cinematography changes from the trendy *Star Wars* wyle to the grand manner of David O. Selznik. *Super I* becomes very generous moviemaking: wheatfields of Kansas with horizons no studio backlot ever knew; vast horizons straight out of



Barry Bostwick does his Dick Powell-ish thing in "Baxter's Beauties of 1933" a heart-burning backstage musical. It's Part Two of "Movie Movie." The film also stars George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, Red Buttons, Eli Wallach, Art Carney, Barbara Harris and a host of others.

Gone With the Wind; even a staticky "Rock around the Clock" soundtrack to show the passage of time.

All this, as Superboy, whose cute little peepee shows up twice on the GP screen, grows up in the traditional Hollywood style movies once had, once lost, and here recapture.

This second section of *Super I* follows accurately all the *Superboy* comics. *Super I* evokes all our childhood remembrances. Exactly. Even more: it's an exercise in classic moviemaking. Any son who's ever buried his father, or said goodbye to his Ma, will be jerked into movified sympathy. The wheatfield parting between Clark and his Earth mother is a tear-tug somewhere this side of the classic *Grapes of Wrath*. Hardly expected. But nicely turned.

SECTION 3: SUBTLE SEX

Again, the movie style changes to reflect the passage of time. Now is the hour and Clark Kent, fully emerged as the mild-mannered *Daily Planet* reporter, jousts with Lois Lane (Margot Kidder) in clever repartee worthy of Tracy-Heoburn in any movie or Segal-Jackson in, say, *A Touch of Class*.

In between the fast-moving dialog, Superman provides answer to every disaster movie that the Seventies have paranoiacally produced. He proves, just as much as the audience wants, that there is a physical/moral/spiritual superhero somewhere out there who just might save us from all the real-life disasters that have — this side of Watergate and Guyana — become weirder than all the ABC-TV movies edited together.

When Superman takes Lois for a Peter-Wendy fuck-flight, he lifts her higher and higher and then drops her into cosmic orgasm, only to catch her in his big blue arms.

If you've ever made love to a real Muscle Man, you'll believe this stunned-to-the-quick Lois who says, "I feel I've touched the hand of a God."

FUN WORTH THE MON

Super I is worth the admission price. Not a wire shows in this technically perfect film. New star Christopher Reeve almost makes the "Vanilla Look" hot. His carefully jock-cupped Supersuit is okay, but pales by comparison to the fetish his body makes of a three-piece business suit.

Chris Reeve is no Steve Reeves, but he proves muscles have not only intelligence but good humor. *Superman I*, in short, is an experience exactly like you remember from reading the comics. Even better, the Mario (Godfather) Puzo script answers all the questions we sicko's wondered about; or, as liberated Lois Lane, herself kidded by Kidder into a rather inquisitive kink, asks: "Do you have normal functions, I mean . . . do you . . . do you . . . do you . . .?"

"Eat?" says Reeve x-ray-eyeing her pink panties.

"Yes!" she says.

"I'm starving," the heretofore virginal Superman answers.

Is this somehow subtly like the famous "eating" scene in *Tom Jones*?

This is when the Supercouple soars up into their spaceless, timeless, highly romanticized fuck-flight.

If this is just the first of *Superman's* parts, DRUMMER can't wait for the one-two punch of *Superman II*!

JACK FRITSCHER

The Mineshaft or the trucks? Christopher Reeve as Superman ponders the big question on top of the crusty old Everhards.



ANIMATED SLEEP

New York — Waiting for the opportunity to bathe with an Orc? Anxious to sleep beneath the gaze of a "Middle Earth" wizard? If so, you are in luck.

Cannon Mills has developed a new line of drapes, linens and bedspreads featuring characters from United Artists' new animated movie, *The Lord of the Rings*.

Now, if they'd only put out some *Midnight Express*, *Superman*, and — the FFA should pardon the title — *Any Which Way But Loose* sheets, we'd have it made. After all, a dream is an itch your hard makes. Oops . . . word has just been dropped that Bloomingdales, NYC has Superman sheets and towels. Let's all rub in unison.

LE BEAU MEC: UN BEAU FLOP

by J. Trojanski

LE BEAU MEC: here's a new French visitor to the American male-flic cinema, a documentary-biography of and by its star, Karl Forest, and a successful lunge a bit deeper at the meat of one man's sexual fantasies. Unfortunately, if revenue is the criterion of success, MEC is destined to fail miserably at the box office. Producer, director, star, distributor, and perhaps you will wonder why.

Le beau flop of LE BEAU MEC will have nothing to do with its quality. Indeed, quite the contrary: box office zilch will be the direct result of the very quality that makes MEC a film worth seeing.

Praise is first: MEC's about cool and detached Jean-Paul Doux, Karl Forest's autobiographical creation. Doux is not sweet. If anything, he has no taste at all, smacking of that kind of neither-hot-nor-cold that oozes from the macho man whose vault of experience extends hardly further than the point of his erect cock. Cool, detached, uninvolved, distant: you choose the adjective. Karl Forest plays all of them well.

But we did say praise. Yes, Forest is successful in playing out the narcissistic star of this documentary, in love with himself, his body, and the applause that he can grab from a cabaret audience or from a john lost on his erect cock. He has no pretensions about himself. He hides nothing. Clear and simple, Doux is out for Doux. Others are there to serve his flesh, to give him money, to help him buy some freedom. Lighting a cigaret, he observes a trick felling him. There isn't an ounce of concern for this trick, only the apart fascination of seeing his body servicing, even while it is adored. It's a bit like the emotional involvement a Chevron gas pump brings to its encounter with a car. Doux brings hardly more. Klute at least feigned some emo-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 61



DRUMMER'S BOOKS AND RECORDS

DRESS GRAY *Double Day, \$10.95*

A SACRED COW TO SLAUGHTER GAY SEX AT WEST POINT

West Point used to be a national sacred cow. A graduate wouldn't dare raise an accusing finger at his military alma mater without the Army Establishment dropping a load on his head.

But times have changed. Cheating and other scandals at the Point have drained the cow of most of its moo-juice. Now Lucien K. Truscott IV, a second generation West Pointer and grandson of a noted World War II commander, is leading the cow to slaughter with *Dress Gray*, ostensibly a novel about a homosexual murder at the Point. But more, Truscott's *Dress Gray* is a gut-level probe into this military institution, its strengths and weaknesses, topped off with an assessment of the kind of spirit West Point rams up its cadets' assholes.

REAL SHIT

Dress Gray may be fiction, but Truscott's West Point waxes too real for fiction. The author explores the elaborate command system that holds a fist over every moment of cadet living outside the classroom. Scatological dialogue is the end product.

It's 1968. The Vietnam War blunders on. And West Point is the hated symbol of that hated war. A cadet's body is found floating in the lake. An autopsy reveals the victim has been drowned, and before his death, had enjoyed (one trusts) homosexual sex. There ensues a high-level cover-up of the crime. The official word: accidental drowning. Know too much or talk too much of this unfortunate incident and you're off to a Vietnam Vacation.

Enter into this mystery/expose a cadet, Rysom Parket Slaight III who is protagonist, catalyst, sleuth, and critic of the military system. Slaight is determined and curious and while feuding with the Commandant, does a little private investigation. His discovery: the drowning was a murder. The untangling of the crime and the identifying of the murderer resolves the novel's mystery element.

DRESS GRAY AIN'T DRAG

But *Dress Gray* is more than mystery fiction. Truscott's work raises some hard questions, not the least is whether a transfer to Vietnam was a real threat tactic for the boys who bucked the system while they sucked and fucked their long grey line.

Although Truscott upholds the West Point mystique in the end, enough questions are raised through the book to advance our national sacred cow a bit closer to the slaughterhouse.

— J. Trojanaki

BOB SEEGER AND THE SILVER BULLET BAND

STRANGER IN TOWN

CAPITOL SW-11698

In *Rough Cut*, a recent erotic film, there is a sequence where a young surfer in a Volkswagen topped with a surfboard pulls up alongside a Chevy Blazer. In the hot looking 4-wheel-drive vehicle ride a pair of good-looking men. He cruises them. They cruise back. He pulls his cock out of his gym shorts. He's a sleazy surfer and he strokes his fat meat. To get the rhythm the surfer punches a tape into his VW stereo.

Providing a soundtrack for this sequence in *Rough Cut* is as clever as the device of having the two vehicles continuously switch lanes on the highway in order that both the driver and the passenger of the 4-wheeler have an opportunity to watch the surfer beat off. In the space of three cuts on the taped album, each of the men masturbates, the surfer saving himself for last. After all of them shoot, the surfer drives off smiling.

THE BEAT GOES ON

The music under the visuals is Bob Seeger's *Stranger In Town* album, one of the hottest selling records of 1979. Seeger's "Main Street" was one of the runaway singles last year. This prolific songwriter has followed his hit with a smash album containing another hit, "Still the Same." In this new record, Seeger displays his versatility through his blues ballad, "We've Got Tonight." "Tonight" is a fine example of the simple earthy ballad for which Seeger is well-known.

The erotic soundtrack section, the first three numbers on Side One, begins with "Hollywood Nights," a cut which evokes L.A., its musical idiom, and its sexual rhythms. Followed by "Still The Same," an easygoing tune with witty lyrics whose subject is a friend/lover out of the past, "Hollywood Nights" begins the evolution from song with place-as-subject, to song with person-as-subject, to song with song-as-subject: the third cut, "Old Time Rock and Roll."

Chuck Berry's reemergence from pop obscurity, as a rocker whose style deserves to be emulated, has been helped by tributes like Seeger's berry-picking performance of the Jackson/Jones nostalgia tune, "Old Time Rock and Roll." Seeger lets the listener believe that he, Seeger, is happiest in the period music of the Fifties, when at the same moment he is revitalizing the art form, not merely resurrecting it.

Outstanding among the nine cuts on the record is a Seeger number called "Till It Shines." The lyrics are not specifically suggestive but the mood con-

jured is as seductive as a hefty bulge in a dirty Levi's covered crotch: "Take away my inhibitions / Take away my solitude / Fire me up with your resistance / Put me in the mood."

The last cut on the album is slow and lyrical and is called "The Famous Final Scene." It is a song of farewell, a hybrid resulting from Seeger's pairing of Willie Nelson's honesty and Neil Diamond's grace in his own musical style.

Bob Seeger and the Silver Bullet Band's *Stranger In Town* belongs in any sensualist's collection.

— Ramsay Navarrete

GOLDEN DRUMSTICKS AWARDS

THE PET GLORYHOLE

A long time ago in a toilet far, far away, the deepest black holes in space were filled with glory, glory, gloryhole-lay-blow-ya. In parks, gas stations, and department stores, neither steel, nor marble, nor plainclothes dick could stay. The Anonymous Driller from his appointed rounds. Fast as the gloryholes were sealed with bolts and glue, The Anonymous Driller struck again.

Black and Decker hath no drill like a dick waiting to be sucked. Dunkin' Donuts hath no holes like mouths waiting to be filled. Face it: cocksucking today is the most ignored of gay art forms. The famous handkerchief code covers everything from poop to nuts without a single scarf signalling the Basic Joys of Basic Cocksucking.

GET YOUR PET ROCKS OFF

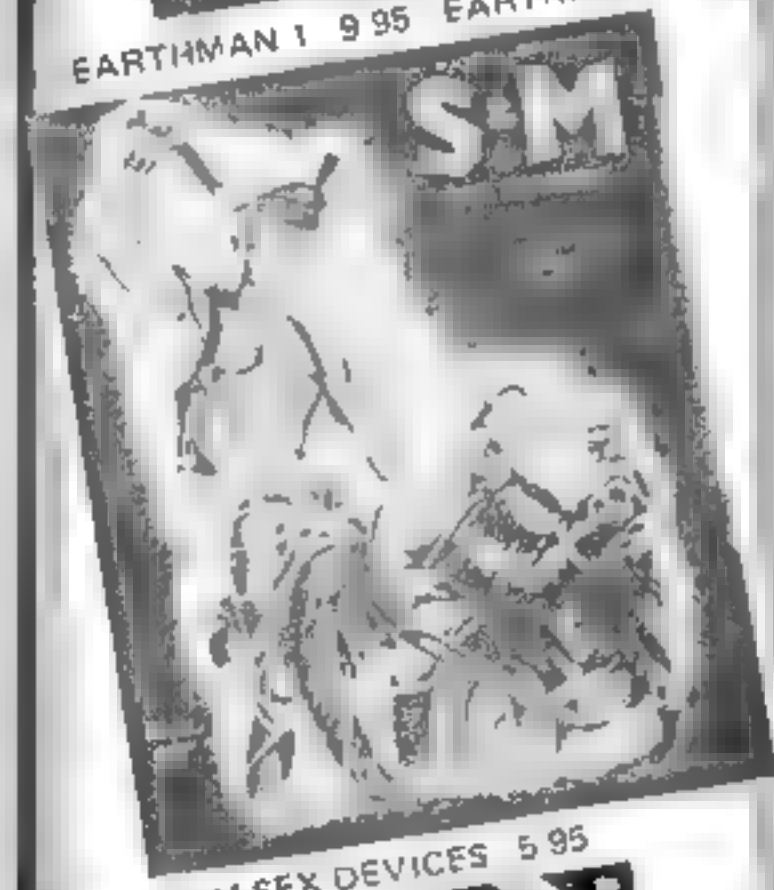
Here, trademarked, is "The Pet Gloryhole." This eight-inch square with a hole cut in the center can be made of plywood, oak, marble (for those who came out in libraries), steel (for those who came out in bus stations), or precious metal (for those who came out at Tiffany's). Absolutely portable, "The Pet Gloryhole" comes on two chain lengths. One, long, can be worn around the neck and dropped to the crotch of "straight" trade wherever it may be found. The other, short, can be lifted up and worn over the face of the liberated upfront cocksucker out for a casual stroll in the park.

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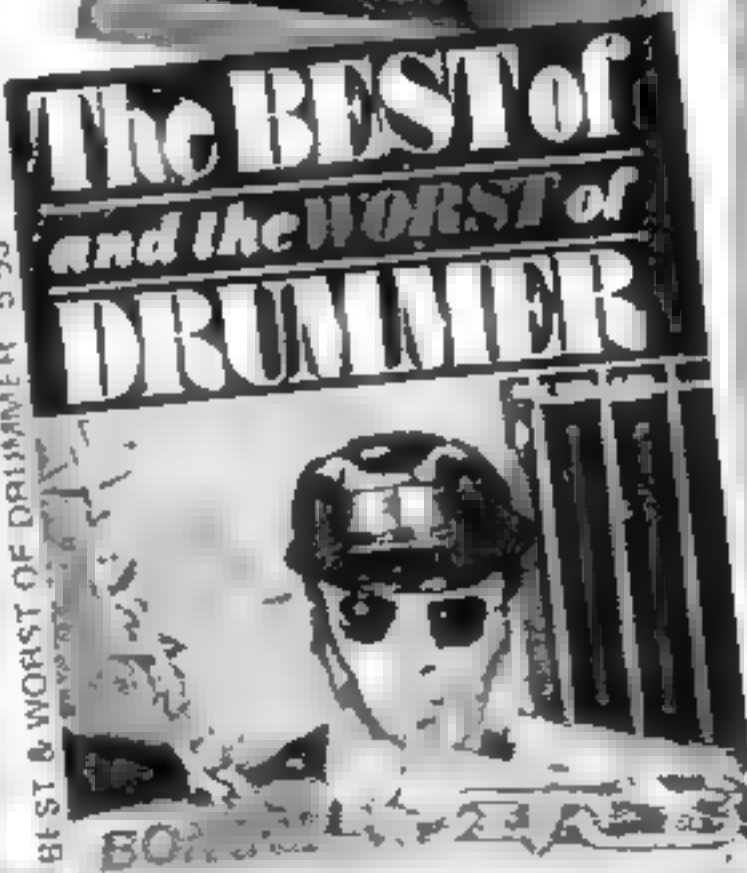


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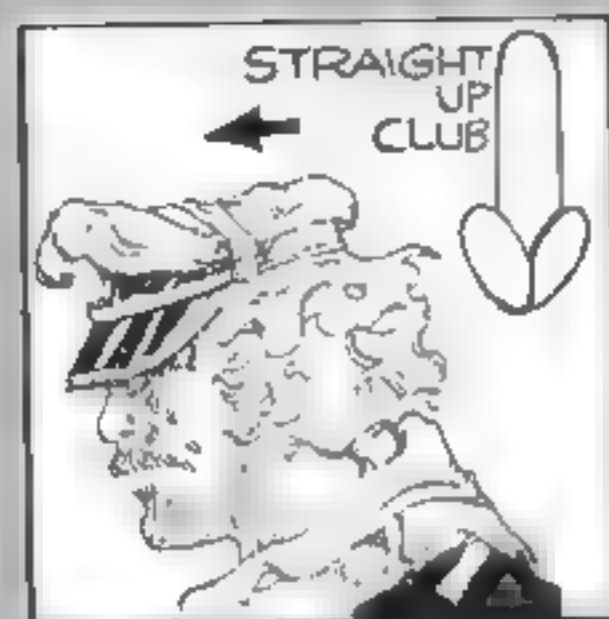
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MORE "HIGH PERFORMANCE"

Jamie Friar, news director of KMET radio, called to talk about an exhibit that just closed at the San Francisco Art Institute. It so happened that it was a tax-supported exhibit, with \$8,000 from the National Endowment for the Arts. And it so happened that the exhibit featured self-mutilation.

The money helped pay to display pictures of artists doing their thing. It also paid to bring some of the artists from Europe to San Francisco so they could do their thing here. Friar said a woman named Gina Pane, for example, came here from France to spend 45 minutes cutting her eyelids with a razor blade.

Friar called Livingston Biddle, chairman of the National Endowment, who refused to pass judgment. "I don't think it would be right for the chairman of the arts endowment to tell you . . . what is right and what is wrong in a cultural sense. Maybe it involves human suffering, human pain, maybe it involves anguish or emotion."

He called the Art Institute. The director of exhibitions there told him that this kind of hands-across-the-sea exchange is important so artists here can get an "indication of the kind of ideas — political and social — being discussed by artists today."

And he called Chris Burden, an artist who put the exhibit together, and asked how much tax money was going to support this. "I'm not sure I'm going to tell you," Burden told Friar. He said he had the "negative feeling" that "somehow you're going to measure it in terms of dollars . . . art has always been sort of misunderstood by laymen at the time."

Yeah, just think what Vincent van Gogh could have done if he had a federal grant.

— Jeff Jarvis, S.F. Examiner
Confer Drummer No. 26!

SOME GUYS HAVE ALL THE LUCK

BOSTON — A construction worker who was washed through a 250-foot-long underground sewer pipe into the Charles river received only minor injuries, authorities said.

Tiberio Lopes, 41, of Fall River, Mass., was in a 15-foot ditch near Cambridge working on a sewer project Wednesday afternoon when an air bag burst.

— Associated Press

68 TOILETS FLUSHED IN ANGER

BALTIMORE: Students at a dormitory at the College of Notre Dame, who said they opposed exams scheduled as late as three days before Christmas, flushed 68 toilets at once, temporarily shutting down the building's sanitary facilities.

Students at Doyle Hall synchronized their watches and flushed all toilets Sunday night simultaneously to protest the scheduled exam week, which ends December 22.

There was no flooding but the toilet facilities were not working yesterday, students said.

— United Press



IS THAT A FOOTBALL IN YOUR LEFT HAND OR ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME?

Chuck Fairbanks, the head coach of the Boston Patriots, resented one of the highly touted promotional gimmicks this season — "Superpatriot," a cross between Superman and Paul Revere that was supposed to symbolize a Super Bowl XIII victory. The costumed "Superpatriot" was introduced at Shaefer Stadium from a telephone booth at midfield. "Chuck didn't like that," says a man close to him. "He thought it demeaned the team." Soon after that, "Superpatriot" departed.

S.F. Chronicle

DON'T YOU WISH . . .



Advertising Age

MALES VICTIMS OF UNDERCOVER CAMPUS THEFT

CHAMPAIGN, IL (UPI) — First it was the Enema Bandit. Now it is the Underwear Bandit.

University of Illinois police are looking for a bearded man who has been sneaking into dormitory rooms and trying to cut the underwear off sleeping male students.

Four times in the last several days the man has used a razor blade to try to cut underwear off sleeping students, university Police Chief Paul Dolling said Friday.

Sammy Rebecca, university housing director, said, "We've had some pretty weird pranks over the years. If it's a prank, it would rank among the top."

A few years ago, the school was plagued by a man police called the Enema Bandit. The man would sneak into female dormitories, tie up a resident and forcibly give her an enema. The culprit eventually was caught.

WHAT'S IN A COB-HAM?

LONDON — Viscount Cobham is selling 700 years of his family history — including letters from Voltaire, Dr. Johnson, Boswell and Swift — tomorrow to keep a stately roof over his head.

— United Press

HIS PITS ARE THE PITS

Dear Abby: What can I do about a husband and father of three boys who refuses to use deodorant? He calls it "facelift" every day. I've said "I love you" and "I'm proud of you" and "You're a great dad" and he still won't use deodorant.

He works in a factory and plays sports every evening. To make matters worse, he now refuses to bathe daily. He bathes only once a week, and sometimes less than two weeks between baths. He claims too much bathing is bad for the skin.

I have run out of ideas. He sweats like a horse and I can smell him 20 feet away. He reads your column and thinks you're smart. Maybe you can help me.

STUMPED

DEAR STUMPED: I'm stumped, too. A person who refuses to bathe or use a deodorant deserves to be shunned. So if he refuses to clean up his act, let him do a single.

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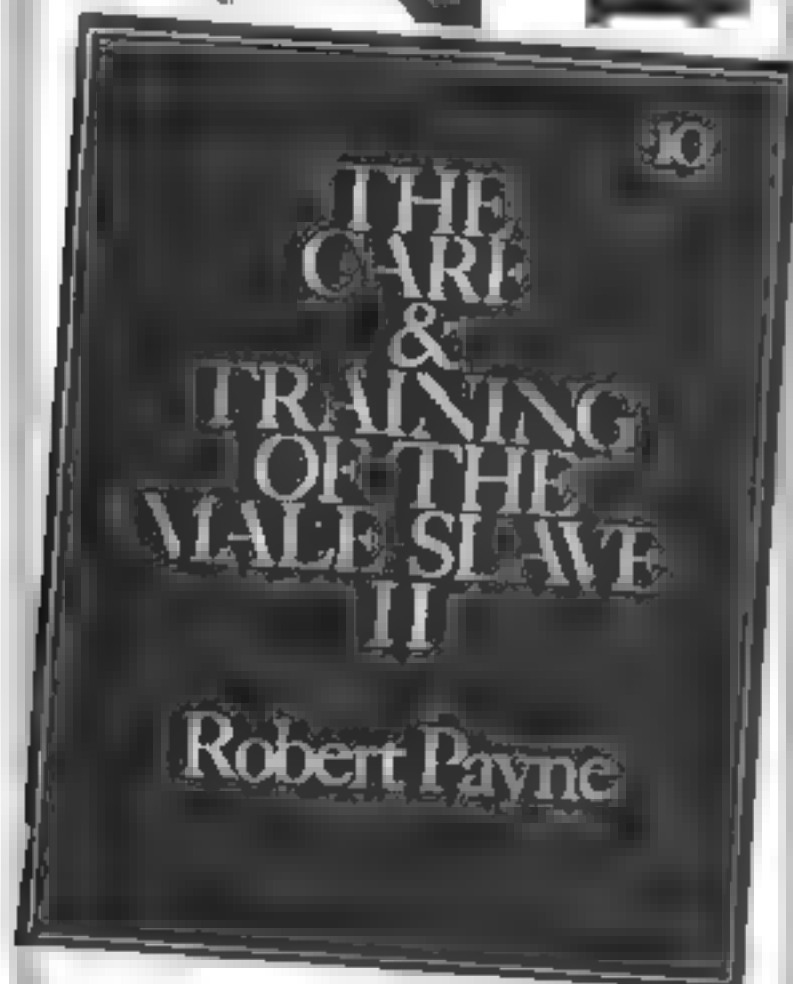
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STOMPERS



alking down to the Village, I remember that a friend had told me about a new shop; a boot store he had said. He had told me that this was the new "hot" place to go buy footwear. I had visions of some fag boutique loaded with Gucci nestled between a French restaurant and an antique shop. But I do need boots, so why not? He said it was at 259 West Fourth St., north of Sheridan Square.

I walk up W. 4th, glad to leave Christopher Street (the alley of clones). I don't know why I'm bothering, it's probably just going to be that — one of those All-American twerp stores where you can get the costume to make yourself look like an over-aged co-ed. But, what the hell, the day's been pretty boring, and I do need a pair of new boots — maybe they'll have something besides tan construction boots, if I'm lucky.

The place snuck up on me! There it is, a small store-front right before the corner. "Stompers." Good name. Hard, masculine. And the graphics aren't the cute shit that's going around — they're sharp, blunt cornered.

Looking in the window I see a collection of black leather like I've never seen before — *black* leather construction boots, engineer boots with big, bold buckles — the kind that guy I tricked with last night was wearing. He was a hot stud — kept those heavy shit kickers on the whole night. Had me doing things to boots I had never thought of before — well, I had *thought* before, I guess.

There's even one pair of black construction boots that look like they're a good two feet high — as high as any boot I've seen — with good leather laces winding their way up. And rubber boots!

Fireman type, fisherman type, every type. I have to go in — I haven't seen anything this hot in years.

When I get in the door and enter the small space, it feels a little cramped. It's not steam heat that's warming me up, but I still feel like the shop is too small. Doesn't give me room to casually walk around and see what they've got to offer. I can see what the salesman has to offer though: a full leather outfit as black as anything in the place. Tight pants, heavy engineer boots, worn nicely, and a tight leather jerkin unaced down to his own god damn jerkin. Good chest, lots of hair, heavy arms, must work out. Forget him. I'm here for merchandise I can afford.

Then I spot them. On the floor between the high shelves. A pair of knee high polished boots like I've never seen before. Beautiful. I can almost see my image in their gleam. Motorcycle cop boots I bet. I can just see some military cop decked out in those stompers. Hot. Now the space is closing in on me. Got to take my mind of this fantasy stuff. I have business here.

A second salesman comes over and asks if he can help. Good looking stud with the look of experience on his face. Been around. Not taking a lot of bull shit. Yeah — I do want a pair of those black construction boots. The thick soled ones. Heavy lacing type. He looks over my feet — and makes a few stops on the way down with his eyes. Yeah, he'll have my size. He goes and gets them. The other guy offers me a drink of wine.

I take the glass. I can use that. This store is like a closet now. My head is thinking about the boots I'm going to buy, but my groin is pointing to the pair on the floor between the shelves. Won-

dering about the stud who'll buy them. Wear them. Who'll be with him. Cock's getting hard thinking about it. Got to stop. Pay attention to the salesman. He's telling me about the pair I'm trying on. What good quality they are. Last for five years, easy. Tells me they care about the kind of foot gear they carry. Stand behind their merchandise, he says. I can tell he knows what he's talking about. He says he knows that I won't want that band of blond leather around the sole, but don't worry, they'll dye it for me before I even take the shoes home with me.

Why don't I walk around. Get the feel of them. These guys really do appreciate how much some of us care about boots. They must know themselves - they must care about them. They know that the feel's going to make a difference. That the boots should last for years. They don't have to worry about bad customers coming back with shitty goods. This is all top quality. I wonder if those boots between the shelves belong to one of them? I look at their muscled bodies when I think about it. I get harder.

But they're telling me to walk around, go in the back and take a look at the show. Show? I see the entrance to the back beyond the counter. I go through the doorway. It's a fuckin' gallery! A gallery of good, hard manart. Thick pen and ink and black paint artwork hangs in the walls of a maze. Hot pictures. My kind of guy in each of them. Implications, understatement, overstatements, hints, realities. Lots of sex and cock in the scenes that spread out through the well laid out space. I find the descriptive posters. The place is a *real* gallery! Besides the footwear in front, they sell this art. Etienne's had a show here, so's Tom of Finland. This one is of a guy named Domino. Good artist. There's a set of prints for \$15, good reproductions. Or the hot poster, about 10x12 for \$7. Maybe I'll get that.

Then I see it. Those boots are in a picture. One of the hot ones. Those boots in between the shelves are there, just as I thought. Right on a hot, uniformed state trooper. And there I am: a collar around my neck, a chain dangling from it, naked, kneeling in front of the man in the boots, looking at him play with a riding crop right in front of my eyes. I can feel my cock swell up hard looking at it; I can feel myself in the picture with my balls swinging back and forth in front of the man with those boots on his feet, shining black boots sheathing his whole lower leg. I can hear him talking to me, telling me to get ready to clean their already glossy surface with my tongue. Telling me to get ready while he slaps that riding crop in the palm of his hand.

Fuck! Wait a minute. I came here to buy shoes. Just a guy getting a new pair of boots. Not some kind of sick pervert dreaming of himself kneeling in front of some heavy topman. Cut this bullshit. I slap my cock, trying to get it to go down. It's safely tucked in. I go back out and sit at the chair where I had put on the boots. Yeah, I'll take them. I need a good pair.

Then he walks in

Jesus H. Christ.

The man in the picture. Heavy, dark blond hair, a thick moustache, a smiling look that doesn't cover the meanness that I know is there. He smiles at the proprietors now. They must know him. He would be their kind. No sense of perspective. Probably into some kind of fetish. That's what all three of them are like I bet. Just into some kinky trip. I don't care. I'll just pay for my purchase and leave. Leave all this behind. I just wanted a pair of good boots. Those I got. I'll admit that - this is the best place I've found in town. The best selection. Good prices. And forget about what comes with it. You want boots, you come to Stompers, you want something else, you, well, you . . . Jesus . . . he's picking up those boots. I break into a sweat. I hand the money over to the first guy while the other goes in the storeroom and comes out with a new pair for the other guy. The odor of all the leather is overcoming me. Drowning me out. They're his size! He's going to try them on.

I grab my bag and change and start to leave, but the bastard's going over to try them on in the chair where I had sat. I try to make like I'm looking around at the posters on the wall in the front room. Fabulous full sized calendar there - looking it over, I can try to avoid that man trying on those boots.

Poster's hot. I wonder if that hunk behind me has a body like that. I turn around and see down the front of his leather jacket with the long chest hair covering loaded muscle right there in front of my eyes. I've looked just as he's trying on the pair I'd been thinking about since I walked in. Those tall, slippery looking motorcycle cop boots. He pulls them up over his calves. I gotta have some room!

I go behind the counter and back into the art gallery. I can't help myself as I go over to the picture and see the two of us again. There is the scene. That's the man, my man, wearing those boots, wearing the boots I want to get down on the floor in front of. And there I am, kneeling, looking just as scared and worried and full of anticipation as I am. Feeling my balls swinging, wondering if he'll push his boot up into my crotch, make my balls rest on those gleaming boots of his. I wonder if he has a riding crop at home. Is he into this whole trip? Of course he is! Why else those boots?

My cock is at full mast now. Pressing hard against my jeans. It'd feel good to have it out, like in the picture, have it sticking straight into the air while that guy sat in front of me. Balls swinging in the air instead of trapped by the jeans. I'm not going to take it out here. I just stand, hypnotized, almost, by the picture - by this perfect vision of who I want to be. I feel my own heavy construction boots on me, feel my crotch push out against my pants, and I barely hear the guy come up behind me.

"There's a package at the counter. My boots are in them. If you're ready to leave with me, go get them and let's go."

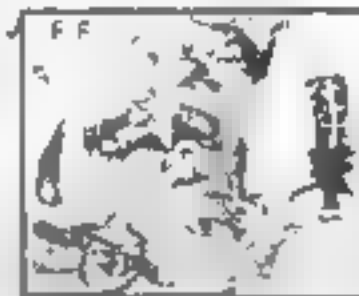
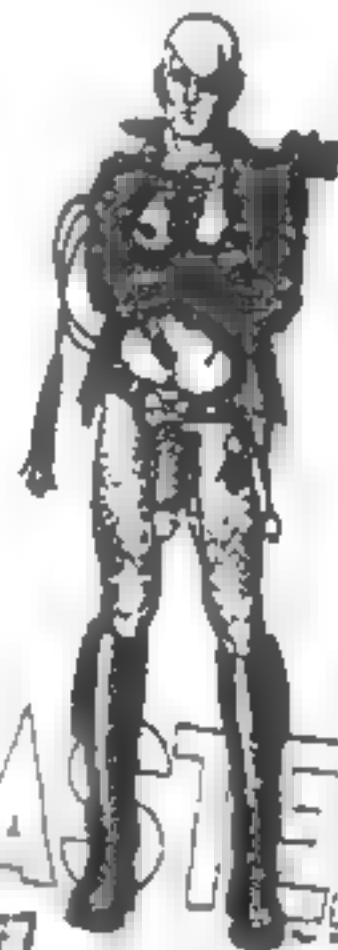
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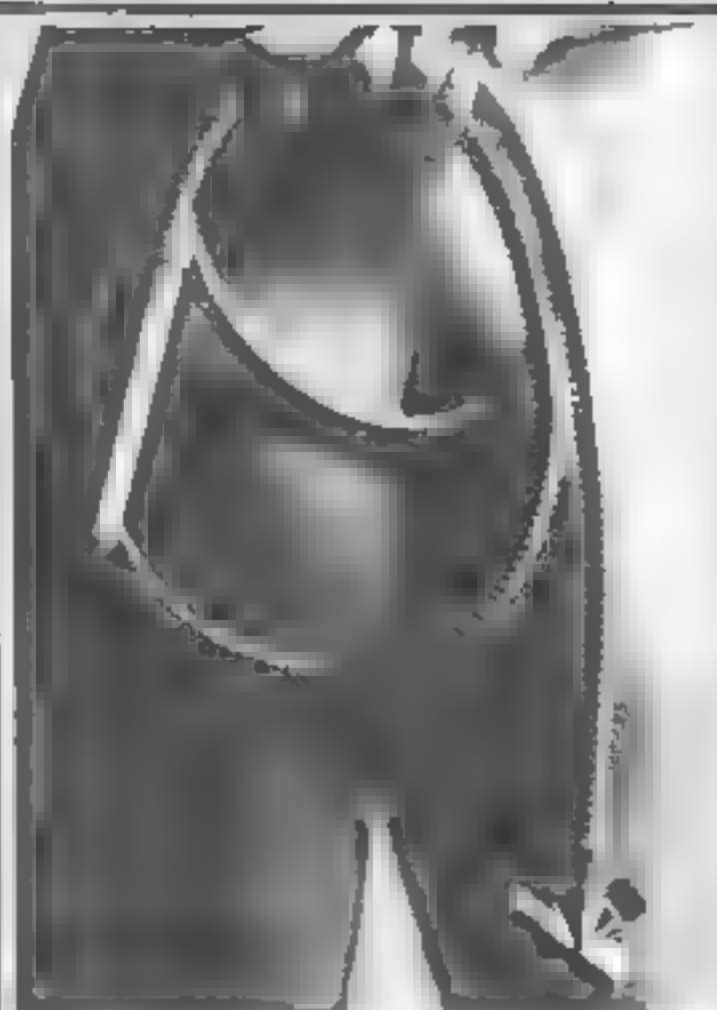


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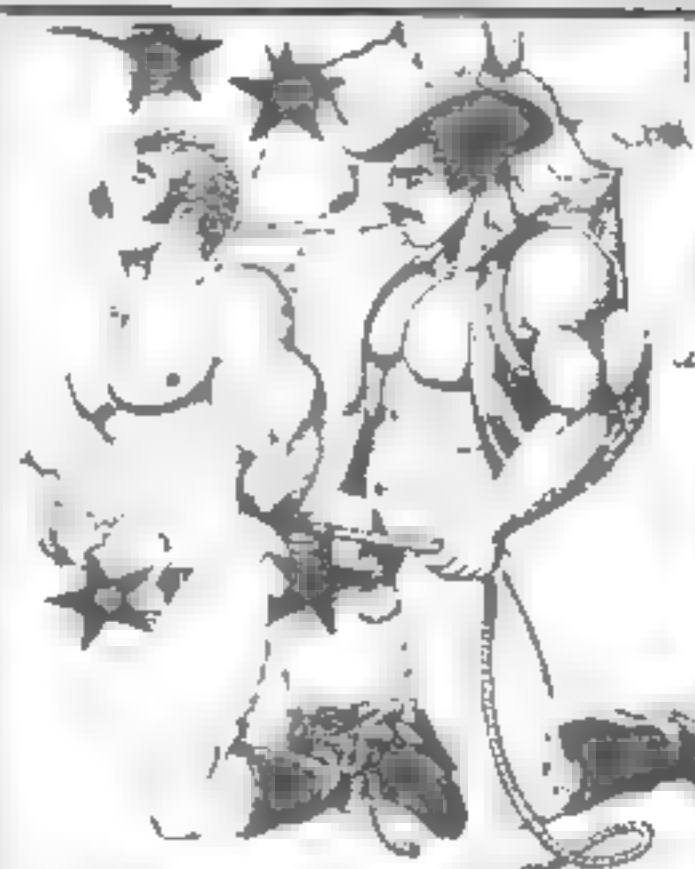
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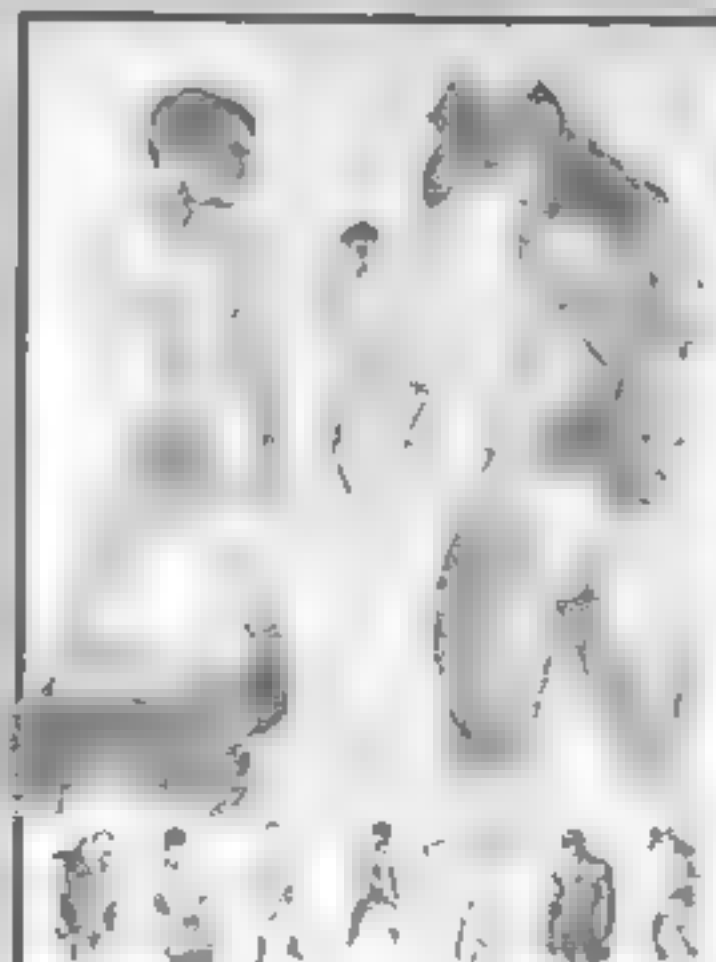
PUMMER SHOPPER THE DRUM

1979 GLORYHOLE GUIDE



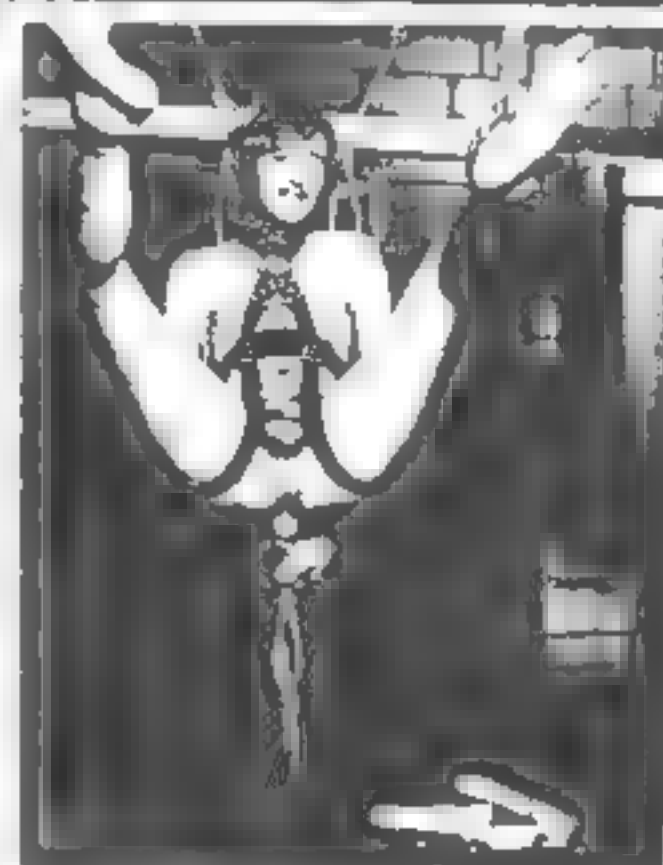
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Also include some pert pertinent info: what you like to do, prefer to have done, or otherwise play with after the lights go down low.

If anything in DRUMMER is out of the closet, certainly it's our TOUGH CUSTOMERS section. IF YA DO IT, BE PROUD OF IT! This is almost the Eighties, doncha know!

So dump your pics or greasy Polaroids and letters into an envelope 'n' send the fuckers to: Tough Customers, c/o Drummer, 1730 Divisadero, San Francisco, CA 94115.

If youse guys wanna get some hot replies from our horny, raunchy readers include your full mailing address. If you're not into raunchy mail 'n' males, indicate that youse DON'T wanna have your address printed.

Editor



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Feel free to show my picture to anyone. Would also enjoy visitors wishing bondage by a thorough Master

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DRUM BEATS

DRUMMER



bud

"Good heavens! I wonder what sort of Indians staked out these poor devils!"



© DRUMMER

bud

"Yeah, he's a very hot number . . . but just a bit flashy."

MORE LETTERS

Continued from page 7

cops struggling is stiffening, but where are the HANDCUFFS? I dig those shiny steel restraints and love to see them hanging on the belt of a hunky man be he a cop or not.

I'm sure there are others out there who share the same fetish. I want to see those cops struggle to the ground and the loser get those cuffs clicked on his wrists and left on.

Handcuffs are a symbol of macho power and dominance. I was arrested once for traffic warrants. The cop was a young hunk just newly on the force. When he said "I'm sorry sir I have to handcuff you" and locked those cuffs on . . . well it's difficult to hide a hard-on with your arms cuffed behind your back!

HANS
S.F.

UNIFORM RESPONSE

J.P.'s letter ("Uniform Info Please," DRUMMER 24) cries out for an answer. The American Uniform Association is a group of more than a hundred men across the country who are roused by a uniform and the character that uniform symbolizes: pride, integrity, fraternal loyalty and spirit. The AUA is not a club: many of its members already belong to a local uniform or motorcycle club. Nor is the Association an activist group: it has no political affiliations. The AUA organizes events for men in uniform and keeps them informed through a quarterly newsletter.

On the gay scene as in the straight world the line is sharply drawn between men in uniform and interested civilians. *Uniform* is a fraternity, not a correspondence club. Wearing uniform is the way to reach other men in uniform.

Though some insignia and equipment are restricted, uniforms are widely available. See "Uniform" in your Yellow Pages. Request a catalogue, know exactly what you want, and ask for it. In the NY area the largest uniform outlet is Some's, 65 Route 17, Paramus NJ 07652. The best patrol boots come from The Dehner Company, 2059 Farnam St., Omaha NE 68102. Both outfits print catalogues.

Some points: Avoid confrontation. Don't loiter in public wearing provocative insignia. Avoid uniform that could be mistaken for that of local law enforcement personnel. Never identify yourself falsely. Act responsibly: be a credit to the uniform you wear.

Membership in the AUA, like the large "guest list" for AUA events, continues to grow solely through personal recommendations. Talk to a man in uniform.

For more information, write
American Uniform Association,
Box 366, Newark DE 19711.

ACCOLADES

Thank you for your letter of December 13 advising me of my renewal of *Drummer*, new LF number and extend-

ing a welcome to a new resident of San Francisco.

I couldn't consider myself a responsible adult if I did not take this opportunity to express my pleasure and feeling of fraternity at the exceptional way I have been treated of late by the *Drummer* organization, treatment which I can vouch is not the rule with most publishers, and certainly not the rule with most of the personnel associated with gay male organizations I have had contact with in the last few years.

Drummer has obviously gone through some trying and confusing times, most of which your readership will never comprehend or appreciate; speaking as the author of at least one irate letter over what I considered to be a lack of professionalism as judged by the apparently poor logistics of getting the magazine on and off the press and in my mailbox slot where I thought it belonged (never, I might add, by the spirit, philosophy or quality of the contents, verbal or graphics) I can say that it is easy to fly off the handle and give vent to ill feelings without knowing or caring about the recipients at the other end of the U.S. Mail. That is why I feel motivated to tender a full and formal apology at this point in time to anyone who may have felt the lacerations of my pen unduly.

John Embry's letter in response to my missive was a surprise, a delight and a tremendous ego boost. That the effort was made to assuage my distemper on a personal and personable level shows him to be very much a professional; that the effort was made to follow it up as indicated by your letter shows him to be a good human being as well. Believe me, I appreciate both.

Drummer was the first contact, in any substantive way, with the leather lifestyle, or probably more correctly, the thing that first made it surface. That was Issue No. 1, so in some ways the two of us started together, and perhaps even grew up together. I can't, with any real assurance say that I'm entirely happy that it did, but most likely that is because of the lack of direct contact and the liability of living in the "provinces," the rural hinterland of Connecticut. I know that my attitudes will be tested as I acclimate to the San Francisco environment — I will understand more, become more responsive. The major reasons for coming here were professional and cultural rather than sexual or modal (though the latter are not unimportant) (indeed!) so I have the premonition that my survival here will be easier. San Francisco is not the Emerald City: I did not come seeking Oz. If anything the draw was the ambience which is mirrored in the attitude and treatment that has come through my limited association with the people of *Drummer*. I am hopeful that it will continue outside. Maybe the Leather Fraternity membership will aid in the process; it may prove to be incidental. In either case, the bottom line is that I feel a great deal of tangential support that has come out of the letters, the expressions of good will, the display of common purpose, the kindnesses. It deserves a thank-you, and I offer it now with all the Holiday spirit that I can muster in my still slightly dis-

oriented state. Please spread it around

I will consider it the greatest good fortune if I get the opportunity to meet some of the stellar characters which your last issue showed to inhabit your halls so that I can make some of these expressions in person. I have a feeling that I will be a contributor to *Drummer* before too much time elapses; I have already penned a lengthy letter (a tome, actually) to Editor Jack Fritscher but curiously can't seem to send it: I remain a bit in awe of his skill.

In any event, the best of Good Cheer to you and your staff and to those who make *Drummer* a fine publication.

Thanks for the copy of *The Alternate*. I'll make sure to pick up the next couple of issues as it seems to be an interesting and incisive publication.

J.H.J.
San Francisco

HUMBLE

My master got pissed-off because I didn't get him a subscription to *Drummer* for Xmas. Well, I'm ordering now (enclosed application plus our first ad). We have been buying it at the local leather store. It has given my master some wild ideas.

Last week, for example, I had to wear a jock-strap to work and piss in it during the day. I also was instructed to write him a 'hot' letter, begging him for cock, piss and begging to be fucked and detail some fantasy. On the last page of the letter, I had to deposit a load of cum.

To accomplish this feat, I went to the men's room and into a stall. Once inside I scooped out the writings and checked the glory hole while I followed his instruction to "strip." I did. "Play with your tits and beat off." I had begun to beat-off when some guy went into the next stall. I had my orders. The load went on the paper instead of into this stud's mouth.

Many times when I get home, his tape recorder is on the kitchen table. A couple of days ago I came in to find the recorder setting out. I switched it on and listened. "Welcome home Asshole, between now and the time I get home, you will get all into readiness. You will think of my cock in your ass. When I come in I want you on your knees, stark naked, your collar draped around your neck and your piss-stained jockstrap over your mouth and nose."

When he arrived, he found me cowering inside the door just as he ordered. He reached down and yanked my tits and grabbed my balls. After he slapped my ass, he turned and left the room without saying a word. When he returned later, he had put on his vest and cod-piece. As the slave I am, I begged to be allowed to suck him. He denied me. He ordered I do push-ups while he drank beer. I was too slow so he attached tit clamps and ordered me to do more.

Thank you, *Drummer* Sir! Now each night I run to the kitchen.

humbly slave M
Catonsville, MD

LE BEAU MEC

Continued from page 63

tional involvement and excitement with her johns. Doux doesn't even pretend. This scene alone makes the entire film special, in fact, worth the price of admission.

Doux isn't really serious about sex. At this juncture in his life, physically endowed as he is, sex seems to be the best way to focus the world's attention on himself. The celluloid fantasy experiences of him handcuffed to a table and fucked by a cop, or playing the gangster, polishing his pistol while he is sucked off, are his whimsical way of reiterating his total detachment from any real involvement in sex, or with anyone for that matter. These are only funny titillations for the audiences' fantasies.

Lest I be misunderstood, these words have been only in praise of MEC. But the point of this coverage is noting future failure. LE BEAU MEC will fail as film footage precisely because it succeeds too well. It succeeds at approaching some level of artistic excellence, indeed, at going beyond the suck-fuck genre of most male visual erotica.

Less is more. And such is true with MEC. Because Doux has given us less, he's given us considerably more. Consistently, the camera backs off, refuses to show all, tickles our curiosity only to pull away, teases our cocks and then stops short of letting us cum, and touches our fantasies, demanding our involvement to complete them. And here's the rub: the kind of people who cum on the seats of theaters that are going to show LE BEAU MEC don't want art, don't want quality documentation, don't want to fill in the artistic holes the director knows can make a movie hot. Let's face it: porno people who make it to porno theatres want porno. These people do not want to get too in touch with the real world (the kind of real world that LE BEAU MEC exposes us to). They want to stick to their fantasy worlds and they want those worlds spelled out in a continuous flow of hards, asses, and cum. The moments in MEC when director Wallace Potts interviews Jean-Paul Doux are sure to be cock-downers for the porno queen who demands no interruption in the flow of juices, no break in fantasy's timing, no tuning into a too-real, gutsy characterization of a parisian hustler.

Porno people aren't going to tell their friends about LE BEAU MEC. Some will appreciate its documentary fineness. Many will cum when their particular fantasy is exploited and ratified. But MEC, for all its excellence as documentary footage, will not be advertised by word of mouth, any film's best pr.

So where does a lonely French visitor go when it gets tired of the male-flic cinema scene? Certainly not to a neighborhood theatre. The friendly PTA would hardly permit. And not to television, at least without a lot of editing. Looks like it's back to the can, MEC, and on the shelf for you, like a score and more of other excellent flics that tried, and died.

A MOVING EXPERIENCE



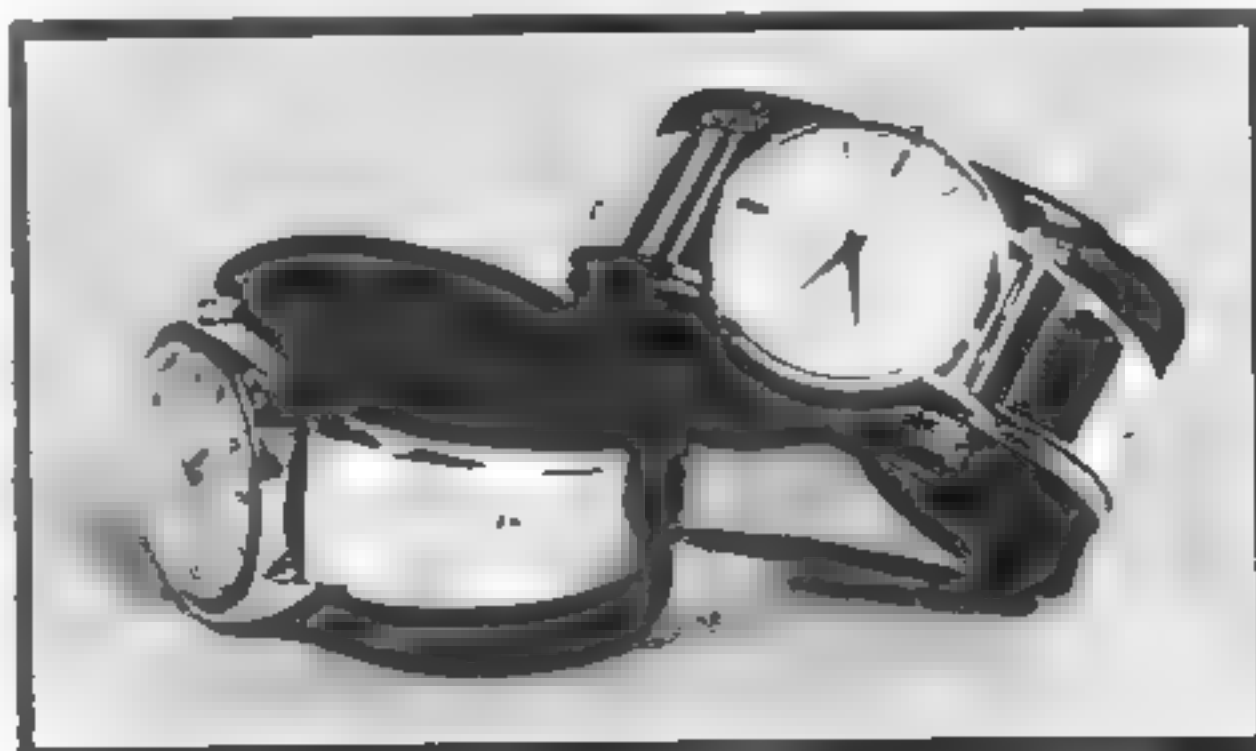
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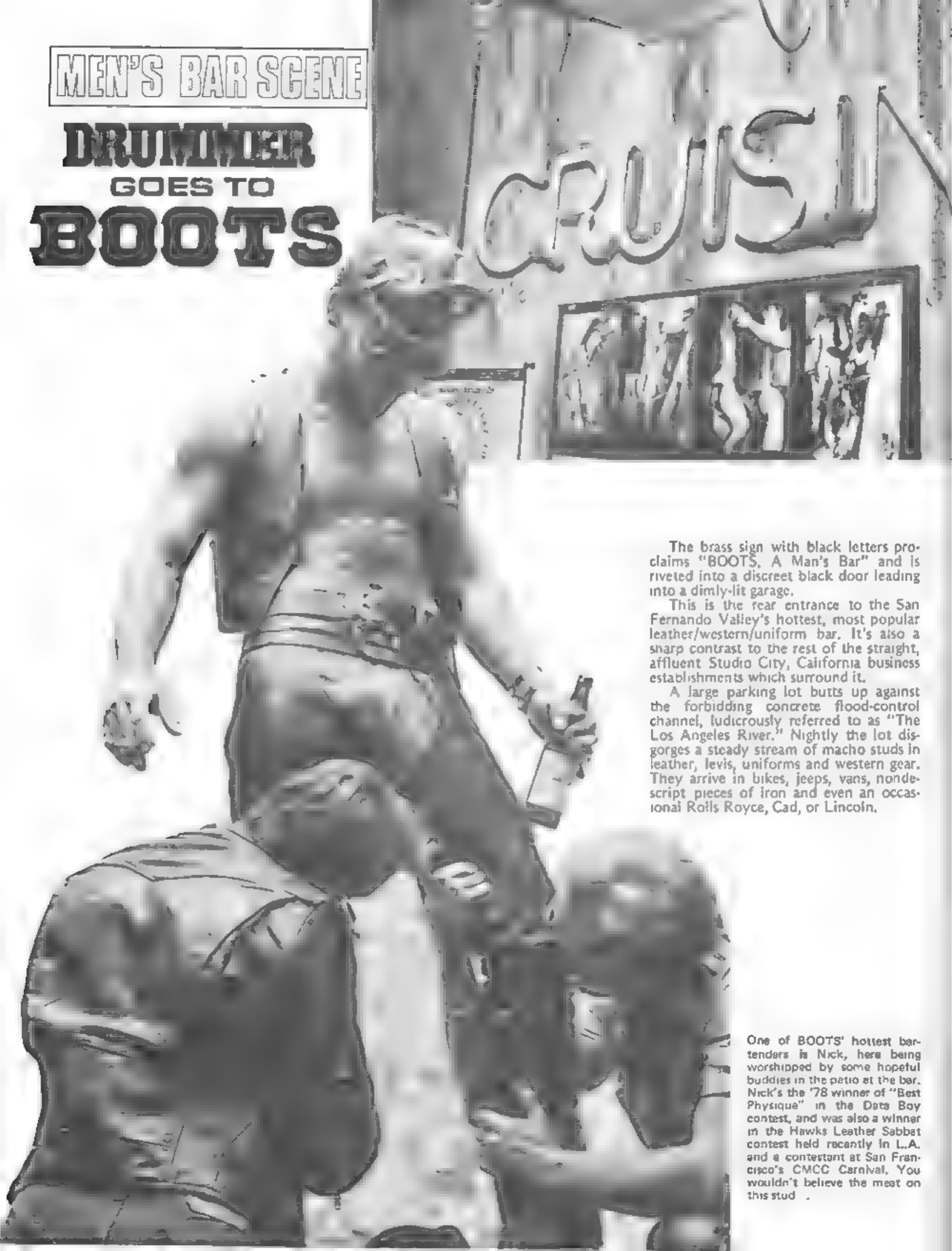
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MEN'S BAR SCENE

DRUMMER GOES TO BOOTS



The brass sign with black letters proclaims "BOOTS, A Man's Bar" and is riveted into a discreet black door leading into a dimly-lit garage.

This is the rear entrance to the San Fernando Valley's hottest, most popular leather/western/uniform bar. It's also a sharp contrast to the rest of the straight, affluent Studio City, California business establishments which surround it.

A large parking lot butts up against the forbidding concrete flood-control channel, ludicrously referred to as "The Los Angeles River." Nightly the lot disgorges a steady stream of macho studs in leather, levis, uniforms and western gear. They arrive in bikes, jeeps, vans, nondescript pieces of iron and even an occasional Rolls Royce, Cad, or Lincoln.

One of BOOTS' hottest bartenders is Nick, here being worshipped by some hopeful buddies in the patio at the bar. Nick's the '78 winner of "Best Physique" in the Data Boy contest, and was also a winner in the Hawks Leather Sabbat contest held recently in L.A. and a contestant at San Francisco's CMCC Carnival. You wouldn't believe the meat on this stud.

Photos: LYLE R. WHEELER

BOOTS, opened in October, 1977, has recently celebrated its first anniversary, and boldly proclaims itself No. ONE in the Valley. Ever since its opening it has been a real phenomenon among butch bars in L.A. Where the stud leather/levi crowd once was almost totally restricted to Melrose Avenue and Santa Monica Boulevard in Hollywood, for this one full year the men have hot-crotched it over The Hill (as they call Laurel Canyon in the Hollywood Hills), or 8 miles through Caluenga Pass on the Hollywood Freeway to BOOTS in the Valley.

It's also an after-hours watering hole for night people, since BOOTS is open till 6:00 A.M.

Another discreet sign at the bar door

BOOTS' pool table gets some extra-curricular use as a tender young ass twitchingly anticipates a fantasy trip

BOOTS





declares: "Because of our facilities women are discouraged" . . . and it means just that. The "facilities" include a long piss-trough in the main head, artfully called "Slave Quarters," where some male art work looks down on the steady streams of old (and new) beer that cascades here on a busy night. There's even a small sign over the trough that suggests "Recycle" to those that care enough to drink the very best . . .

The second head, a smaller, more intimate one, has a good old standard urinal, more hot art work, and is all red and black.

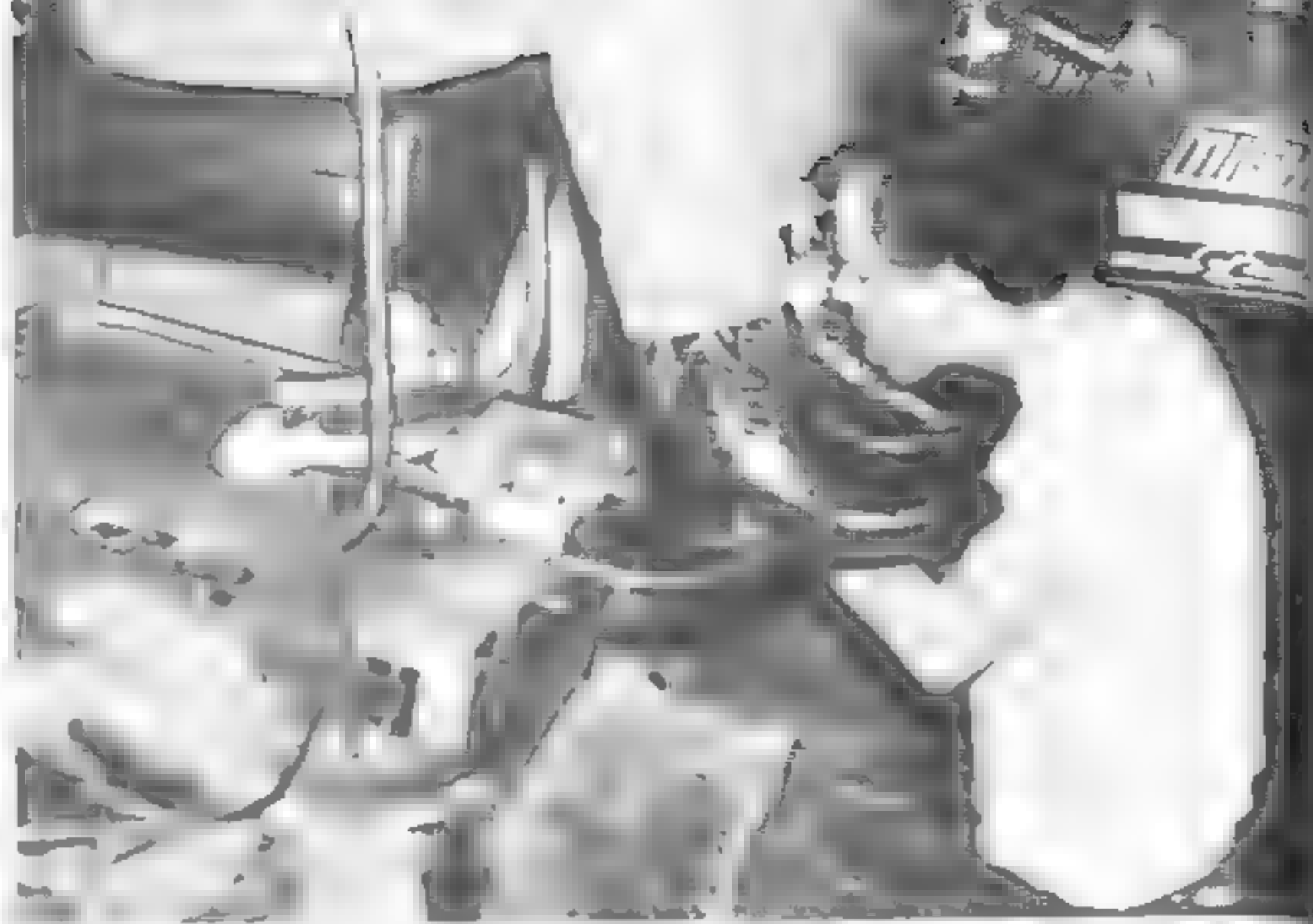
Over 60 pairs of boots are suspended from the ceiling in the main bar, hooked onto black chains. They're all the way from English riding boots to engineer, ski, western, low-ride bikers and heavy work boots, reflected in a partly-mirrored side wall framed at both ends with HUGE reproductions of the already-famous BOOTS logo. BOOTS is a hunky stud with nothing on but a cycle cap and one massive boot. At his crotch, below washboard belly muscles, an enormous cock and bull's balls swing free and tantalizing, while this stud pulls on his second boot with a vengeance.

This logo is also reproduced in MASSIVE proportions in the back patio, where a firepit casts alternate flame and shadows over BOOTS' macho leather image on the old-brick wall.

If your scene is lots of leather hanging from black walls, all kinds of harness goodies, dildoes, badges, hot S&M magazines and films, BOOTS also features a new LEATHER LOFT II, run by Bud McGinnis, who has the Leather Loft at another hot L.A. bar, the 1170.

L.A.'s unenlightened and VERY STRICT authorities don't allow back-rooms in its bars, and there's still an occasional "You, you, and you" bust by a HERO of L.A.'s Finest - even though the populace is told the LAPD is "sadly undermanned" for ordinary peacekeeping duties. Fortunately, BOOTS has remained untouched.

But as hot as a bar in L.A. CAN be, that's what BOOTS is. And some of the hairy chests, bulging pecs, flat bellies, swelling crotches and enticing butts are reflected not only in the customers that frequent this stud bar, but in the macho bartenders that service (watch it!) the clientele.



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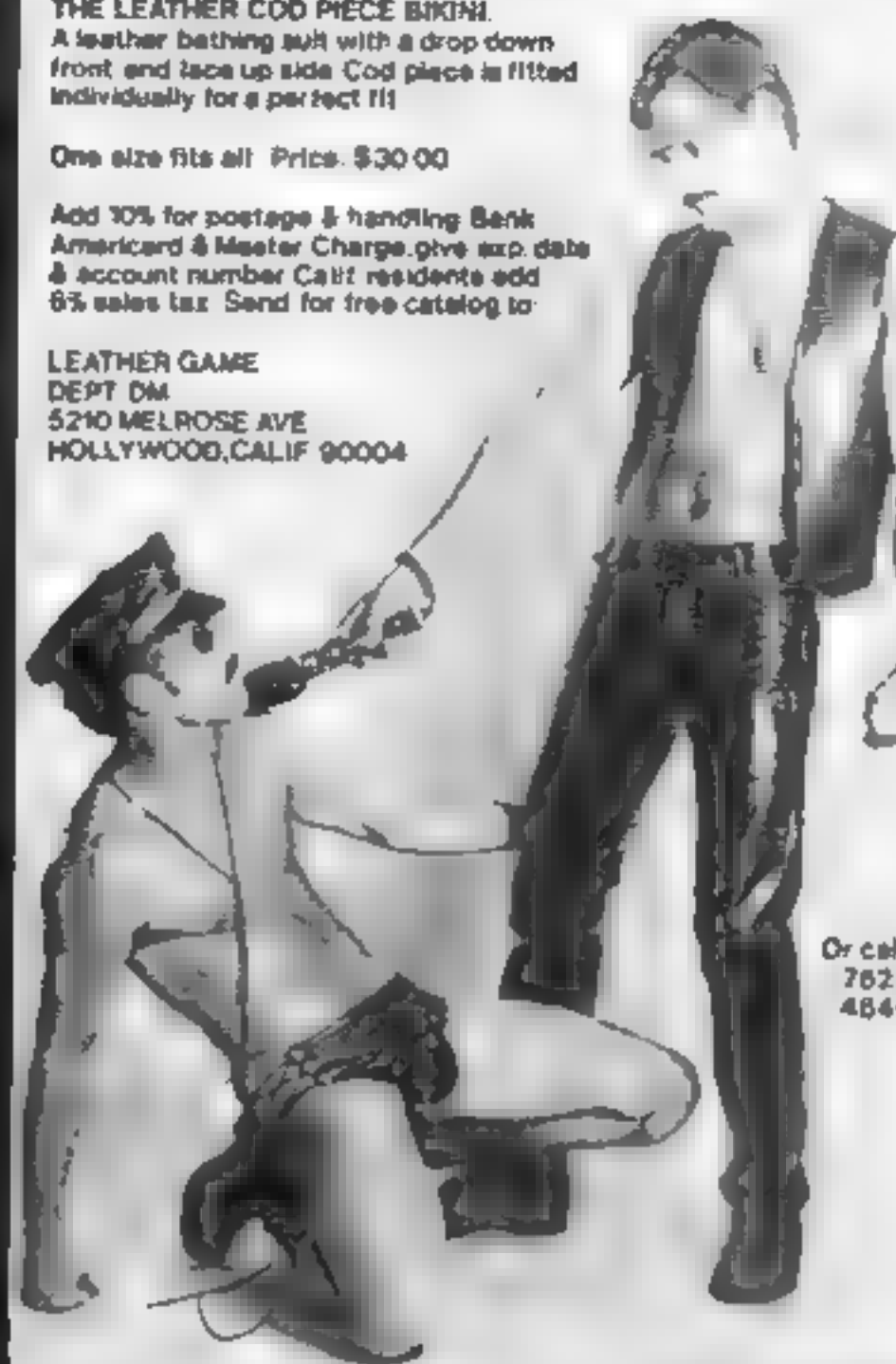
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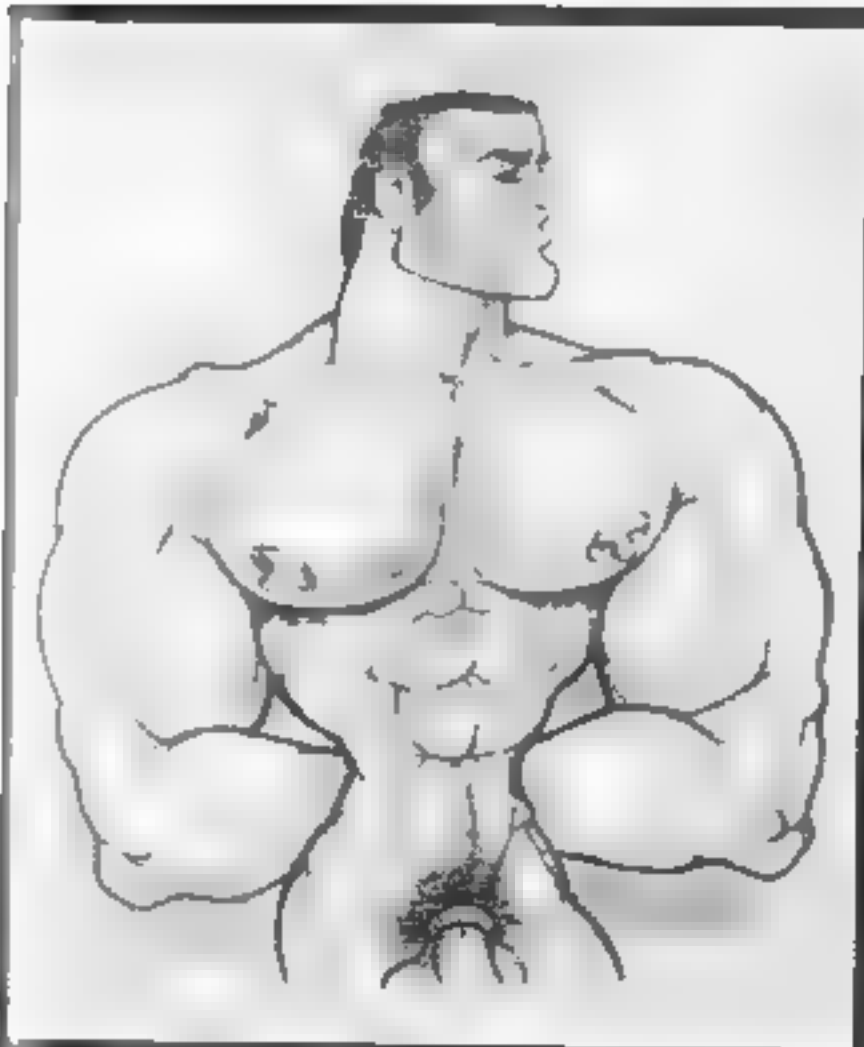
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PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER NELSON

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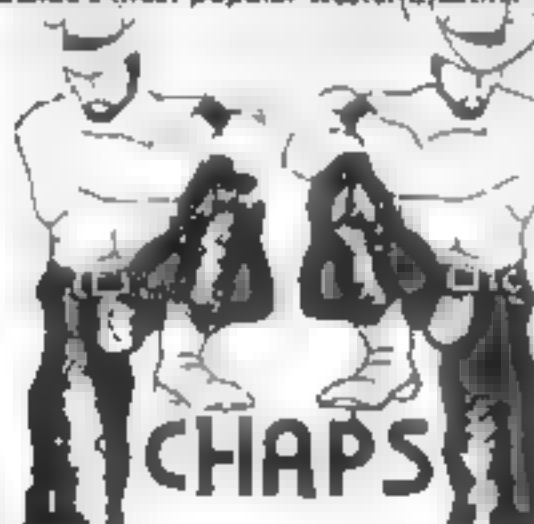
Men's Bar/Bath Scene '79

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O.K. guys, here is our revised 1979 listing of saloons, bunks and tubs where you'll uncover DRUMMER men. No need to drop those bucks for those expensive "guides." It's all here!

We have gone to many sources in preparing this comprehensive DRUMMER guide, but most of our info came from you, our faithful readers. So we'd greatly appreciate hearing from you about any openings, closings, changes or moves in your area. Remember, an up-to-date listing only benefits you. Our big goal for 1980 is a DRUMMER WORLD GUIDE ... so send those letters.

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Connection 4211 N. 7th St.
Nu-Towne Saloon 5002 E. Van Buren
Ramrod 395 N. Black Canyon Rd.
Swm & Sea Athletic Club . . 2922 E. Van Buren

TUCSON

Dale's Graduate 23 W. University Blvd.
Toole Box 347 E. Toole Ave.

CALIFORNIA ALAMEDA

Alameda Steam Baths . . 1001 Santa Clara Ave.
ARCADIA (off 210 F'way)

Longbranch Saloon . . . 131 1/2 E. Huntington
FRESNO

RED LANTERN 4618 E. Belmont Ave.
GARDEN GROVE

IRON SPUR 11086 Garden Grove Blvd.
SADDLE CLUB 8192 Garden Grove Blvd.

LONG BEACH

MIKE'S CORRAL . . 2020 Artesian Mr. Cherry
STALLION 5823 No. Atlantic Blvd.
LOS ANGELES/HOLLYWOOD

Academy Restaurant . . 6236 Santa Monica Blvd.
Basic Plumbing (private club) . . 725 N. Fairfax

BULLSHOT 739 No. La Brea
Detour 1089 Manzanita Nr. Sunset Jct.

Eagle 7864 Santa Monica Blvd.
8709 Club Baths (private) . . 8709 W. 3rd St.

Eleven-Seventy Club . . 1170 No. Western Ave.
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Hyperion Baths 2114 Hyperion

Manhandler 2692 So. La Cienega
Melrose Baths 7269 Melrose Ave.

ONE WAY 812 No. Hoover
OUT CAST 4219 Santa Monica Blvd.

RUSTY NAIL 7994 Santa Monica Blvd.
The Play Rite 6459 Hollywood Blvd.

Silver Paddle Spa (baths) . . 4356 Sunset Blvd.
SPIKE BAR 7746 Santa Monica Blvd.

Stud 4216 Melrose Ave.
2006 Bar 2006 N. Figueroa St.

Wranglers 1941 Hyperion
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Drive Shaft 13751 Victory Blvd., N. Hollywood

Glens Turkish Baths . . 4653 Lankershim Bl., N.H.
Hayloft 11818 Ventura Blvd., Studio City

Mag 12/36 Magnolia Blvd., N. Hollywood
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Whiskey Gulch Saloon . . . 1951 E. University Ave

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Male Box 5121 El Camino
Parking Lot (complex) . . . 2804 Auburn Blvd.
Steamworks (baths) 2551 5th St.

SAN BERNARDINO

SKYLARK 917 Inland Center Dr.

SAN DIEGO

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Fourth Ave. Club (baths) . . . 3955 4th Ave.
THE HOLE 2820 Lytton
The Hut 2581 University Ave.
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ARENA 399 9th at Harrison
Badlands 4121 18th St.
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THE BLACK & BLUE 8th at Howard
THE BROTHEL HOTEL 1500 Sutter
Brown's (pub & hotel) 1188 Folsom
The Brig 1347 Folsom
BOOT CAMP 1010 Bryant
The Club San Francisco . . . 330 Ritch St.
Cornholes (private club) . . . 1369 Folsom
Dave's Baths 100 Broadway
Dirty Sally's (private) 278 11th St.
Fair Oaks (hotel) Oak at Steiner
FEBE'S 1601 Folsom
527 Club 527 Bryant
1808 Club (private) 1808 Market
The Galleon 719 14th St.
Glory Hole (private club) . . . 225 6th St.
Hand Bail Express (baths) . . . 975 Harrison
Beam (disco) 1748 Haight
Jackaroo 1551 Mission
The Jaguar (private) 4052 18th St.
Liberty Baths 1157 Post
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21st Street Baths 3244 21st St.
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Man's Country Bar 506 25th St.
Town Pump 205 Datura

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KENTUCKY

LOUISVILLE

Badlands Territory 116 E. Main St.

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS

Camp Baths 512 Gravier
Canal Baths 738 N. Rampart
Club Semins (baths) 1129 Decatur St.
Corral 901 Bourbon St.
Golden Lantern 1239 Royal St.
The Stakeout 940 Conti (corner Burgandy)
Travis's II 820 No. Rampart St.

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE

Barracks (baths) 1114 Cathedral

Club East Baths 1105 Cathedral
Gallery 1735 Maryland
Studio (adj. ns Gallery) 1735 Maryland

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON

Club Boston Baths 4 La Grange
Chaps 25 Huntington Ave.
THE BOSTON EAGLE 88 Queensberry St.
Herbie's Ramrod (upstairs) . . . 12 Carver
Shed 272 Huntington St.

PROVINCETOWN

Atlantic House Hotel Bar Masonic Alley
The Captain and His Ship (Guesthouse)
164 Commercial St.
Ranch Guest House 198 Commercial St.
Sea Drift Inn 80 Bradford St

SPRINGFIELD

Quarry (below the Pub) 382 Dwight St.

MICHIGAN

DETROIT

Club Detroit Baths 7646 Woodward Ave.
INTERCHANGE 1501 Holden
Stephen's Saloon 17436 Woodward Ave

MINNESOTA

MINNEAPOLIS

Big Daddy's (baths) 3 N. 7th
Happy Hour 408 Hennepin
Locker Room Health Club . . . 315 1st Ave. N

MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY

Bunkhouse (baths) 3109 Main St
Round Up 701 W. 12th

ST. LOUIS

Gateway Saloon (in Bob Martin's Bar complex)
201 S. 20th
Club St. Louis Baths 600 W. Kingshighway
Stadium Baths 201 S. 20th

NEBRASKA

OMAHA

Diamond Bar 616 S. 16th

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS

Las Vegas Spa (baths) 1130 S. Casino Ctr. B1.
Other Place 5410 Paradise Rd.
Sixteen-Ten 1610 E. Charleston Blvd.

RENO

Club Baths 1030 W. 2nd St.
Trapp 5201 W. 4th St.

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY (SEASONAL)

Ramrod (above Lark Inn) . . . 174 S. New York

BRICKTOWN

The Egyptian Baths 1714 Hwy. 88

CAMDEN

Club Camden Baths 1498 Broadway

NEW YORK

BUFFALO

Club Buffalo Baths 44 Almeda (Amherst)
Villa Capri 926 Main at Allen
FIRE ISLAND - CHERRY GROVE/PINES
"Meat Rack" - Outdoor Action Area
Sea Shack Cherry Grove

MANHATTAN

Badlands 388 West St. at Christopher
Barbery Coast 64 7th Ave.
Beacon Baths 227 E. 45th St.
Boot Hill 317 Amsterdam at 75th St.
Boots and Saddle 76 Christopher
Broadway Arms Baths 218 W. 49th St.
Cell Block 372 West 11th St.
Chaps 1558 3rd Ave. at 87th St.
The Club Baths 24 1st Ave

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Dakota 550 3rd Ave. at 37th St
Den 264 W. 43rd St.
Eagle's Nest 142 11th Ave. at 20th St.
Eastside Sauna 227 E. 56th St.
Glory Hole (private club) 139 11th Ave.
Half Breed 168 Amsterdam at 68th St.
International Stud 733 Greenwich St.
Kallars 384 West St. at Barrow
Main Man 305 Columbus Ave. at 74th St.
Man's Country 28 W. 15th St.
Minershaft (private club) 832 Washington St.
Ramrod 394 West St.
Sauna Baths 300 W. 58th St.
Spike 120 11th Ave. at 20th St.
The Stallion 277 B'cker St. at Jones
St. Marks Baths 6 St. Marks Place
The Strap 18th St. at 10th Ave.
Tys 114 Christopher St.
Wall Street Sauna 1 Maiden Lane
Wildwood 308 Columbus Ave. at 74th St.

ROCHESTER

Adonis Sauna 92 North St.
Bachelor Forum 1065 E. Main
Roman Sauna Baths 109 North St.

NORTH CAROLINA

CHARLOTTE

Club South Baths of Charlotte 1708 South Blvd.
New Brass Rail 3513 W. Wilkinson Blvd.
Original Brass Rail 105 W. Morehead

RALEIGH

The Capital Corral 313 W. Hargett
The Mousetrap 1622 Glenwood Ave.

OHIO

CINCINNATI

Badland's Territory 419 Plum St.

CLEVELAND

Club Steam Baths 1448 W. 32nd St.
Club Cleveland II Baths 1293 W. 9th
LEATHER STALLION 2203 St. Claire Ave.

COLUMBUS

The Loft 622 S. High St. (above The Gratto)
Tradewinds II 117 E. Chestnut

TOLEDO

Club Toledo Baths 1122 Monroe St.
Lenny's Other Side 3330 Secor Rd.
THE RUSTLER SALOON 4023 Monroe St.
San Francisco Sunbaths 3330 Secor Rd.

OREGON

Club Continental 531 S.W. Park Ave.
Dahl & Penne 604 S.W. 2nd
Majestic Hotel & Club Baths 303 S.W. 12th Av.
Other Inn 242 S.W. Adler
Olympic Baths 531 S.W. 12th St.
Tavern ("Half Moon") 122 S.W. Yamhill

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA

Barrick's (baths) 1813 Sansom St.
Ceil Block 206 So. Camac
247/Corral 247 S. 17th St.
Post 1705 Chancelor
Westbury Bar 271 So. 15th St.

PITTSBURGH

Rathskellar 1226 Herron Ave.
Schume's Liberty Baths 917 Liberty Ave.

READING

Red Star 143 N. 10th St.

PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN

Lion of St. Mark's Baths 205 Calle Luna
Main Street Bar 257 Calle San Jose

San Francisco Inn 263 Calle San Francisco
Ten Twenty Club 1020A Ashford (Condado)

TEXAS

AUSTIN

Private Cellar 1221 W. 6th St.

DALLAS

Bachelors Quarters Baths 3116 Live Oak
Chuck's Truck Stop 3019 Haske.l
Club Dallas Baths 2616 Swiss Ave.
Nall 1804 N. Harwood
Sundance Kid 4025 Maple
Tax's Ranch 4117 Maple
Throckmorton Mining Co. 3014 Throckmorton

FORT WORTH

651 Club 651 So. Jennings

HOUSTON

Barn 710 Pacific St.
Club Houston Baths 2205 Fannin
Countryside 1318 Westheimer
Exile 1011 Bell
Locker 1732 Westheimer
Mary's 1022 Westheimer
2306 Club (private) 2306 Genessee
Silver Bullet Saloon 1005 California

VIRGINIA

NORFOLK

Ritz Bar 131 Brooke Ave.

RICHMOND

Male Box Shepard & Idlewood

WASHINGTON

SEATTLE

Dave's Baths 2402 1st Ave.
JOHNNY'S HANDLEBAR 2018 1st Ave.
MARSHALL'S OFFICE 1224 Howell
Zodiac Club Baths 1117 Pike St.

WISCONSIN

GREEN BAY

Man Hole 207 So. Washington

MILWAUKEE

Club Milwaukee Baths 704-A W. Wisconsin
On Broadway Health Club 158 N. Broadway
WRECK ROOM 266 E. Erie

CANADA

MONTREAL

Continental Montreal (baths) 456 La Gauchetiere
Bud's 1250 Stanley

Dominion Square Tavern 1243 Metcalfe
Joe Beel's Tavern 201 de la Commune
Monarch Cafe 164 St. Catherine St. E

TORONTO

Barn Church at Granby
Ruddy's Backroom Bar (behind Crispins) 64 Gerrard

Barracks, Ltd. (baths) 56 Widmar St.
Club Baths 231 Mutual St.
Dudes 10 Broadalbans St.
Parkside Tavern 530 Yonge St.
Roman Sauna 740 Bay St.

VANCOUVER

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Hastings Steam Baths 766 E. Hastings
Playpen South (weekends, AH) 1369 Richards
Shaggy Horse 818 Richards St.
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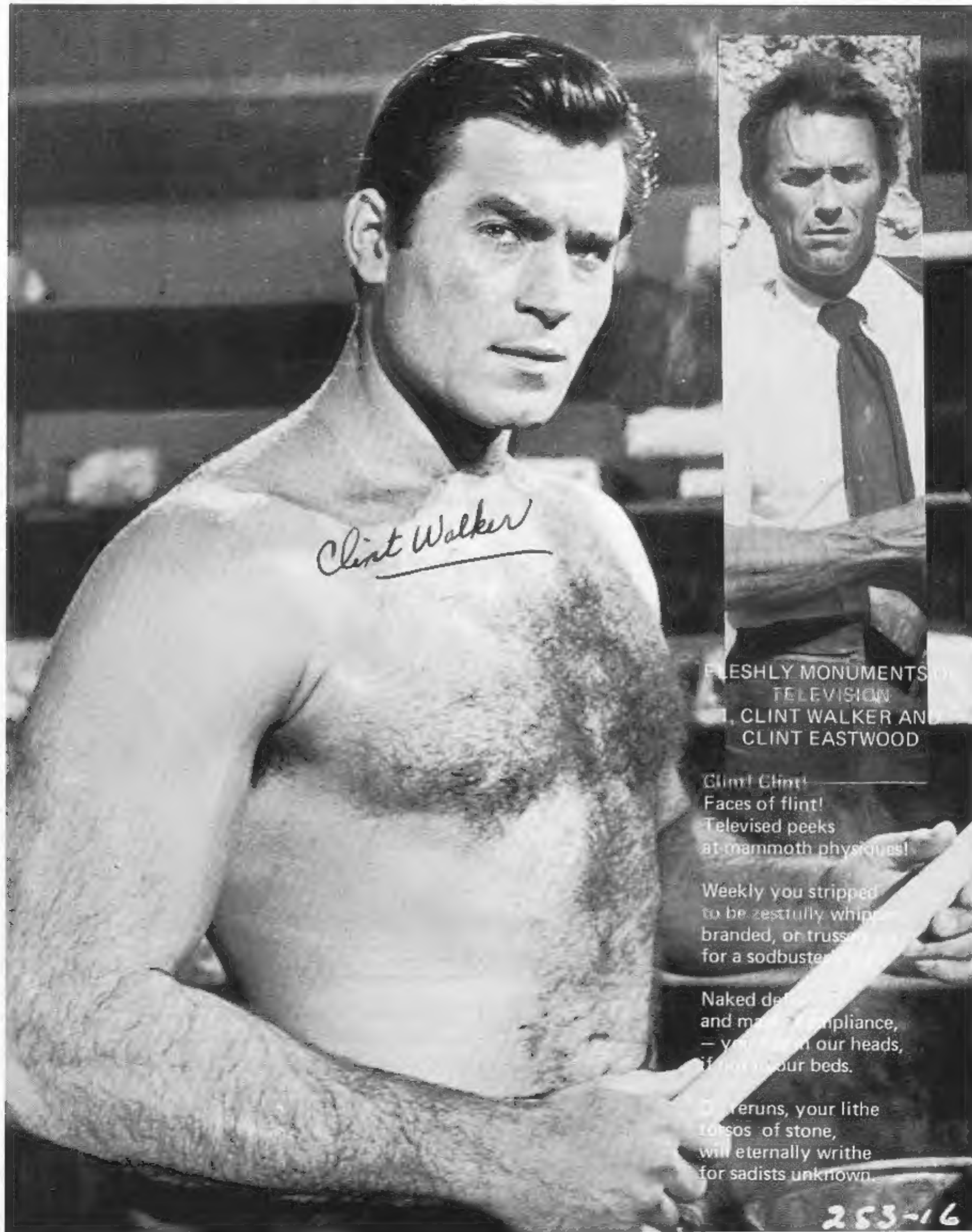
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